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F. N. TAYLOR DIED IN MEMPHIS, TENN., LAST WEEK

Formerly a Well-known Hotel Man in Smethport.

WAS BROUGHT HERE FOR BURIAL.

Was only Son of Late Hon. A. N. Taylor—Funeral Services Held at the Home of His Daughter, Mrs. Robert Hamilton on Monday—Burial in Rose Hill Cemetery.

Frank Niles Taylor, aged 58 years, died at the Baptist hospital in Memphis, Tenn., on Wednesday, November 6, 1912, the cause of his death being a complication of diseases from which he had been suffering for the past four years.

For the past nineteen years, Mr. Taylor had spent most of his time in the South. This summer, however, he came to Smethport and spent several weeks visiting friends, returning to the south about six weeks ago.

Frank N. Taylor was born in Smethport on Sept. 20, 1856, and was therefore 56 years of age. He was the only son of Hon and Mrs. A. N. Taylor, and when twenty years of age he was united in marriage to Miss Kate, the eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. D. Freemen. To them were born one child, a daughter, now Mrs. Robert Hamilton. He is also survived by his wife and one sister, Mrs. D. C. Young of this place.

He received his education in the Smethport schools and when he became of age he and his father opened a general store in Tarport, which was then a hustling oil town and is now known as East Bradford. Some years later he returned to Smethport and took charge of the Grand Central Hotel, which was then the property of his mother and he continued to conduct this popular hostelry until about 1890. He then became interested in a hotel at Sizerville which he managed until he went South, where he has been engaged in various enterprises.

Frank Taylor was not without his faults. Who is? But he was also a man of many admirable qualities and he had many friends wherever he was known who will mourn his death as that of a loyal friend.

He was always ready with a pleasant word of greeting and a good joke when he was in the hotel business and his hostelry was known far and wide as one of the most popular in the country. He was liberal to a fault and therefore never accumulated any of this world's goods, but he had a good time in life while he had his health and did many things to make his friends happy, and for this we should condone his faults which were more of the head than of the heart.

His remains were brought here and taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Hamilton and where on Monday afternoon the funeral services were held, the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector of St. Luke's church, officiating and his remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

DEATH OF MRS. KEELEY

Died at Home of Her Granddaughter, Mrs. William M. Digel

Mrs. Mary E. Keeley died at the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. William M. Digel, on Center street, this borough, on Sunday morning at 1 o'clock, Nov. 3, 1912, of acute Bright's disease and dropsy, aged 79 years.

Mrs. Keeley was born in Covington, Crawford county, Pa., on April 20 1833. She was a kind-hearted and lovable woman, ever willing to lend a helping hand to the best of her ability. She lived in Smethport for the last five years and formerly lived in Bradford, where she resided for 35 years, before coming to Smethport.

She leaves three sons and one daughter, one granddaughter, two brothers and two sisters to mourn her loss: John and William, of Oakridge, Oklahoma, and James of West Virginia, Mrs. Ada Howell, of Red Rock, Pa. Her brothers Perry Childs and John Childs live at Warren Dale, Allegheny county, Pa., and St. Peter Winn, respectively and her sisters, Mrs. Celia Miller and Mrs. Lora Lane reside at Franklin, Pa. She is also survived by three great grand children, Robert, Charles and William, Jr., Digel, of Smethport.

The funeral services were held at her late home on Center street on Tuesday, Nov. 5, at 2 p. m., the Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill Cemetery.

A MIDNIGHT FIRE

Smethport's Big Wooden Block Was Threatened Last Friday Night

Fire was discovered in the shoe shop of D. Goodman on the North side of Main street, three doors east of the Imperial Hotel at 12:15 Friday night. C. C. Choate and E. E. Heath were going home when they saw a small blaze on the floor of this little one-story building.

They gave an alarm and in a remarkably short time a number of firemen responded and the chemical apparatus was brougat into play. This subdued the flames, which had gained rapid headway, and two streams of water from adjacent hydrants soon quenched the fire.

This little building is located in the center of a practically solid block of wooden buildings and had the fire got much of a start before it was discovered Smethport would probably had one of the worst fires in its history. As an extra precaution the steam fire engine was fired up and hauled to place for immediate action, in case it was needed, but luckily its services were not required.

D. Goodman's place was completely gutted by the fire and his loss is upwards of $500, on which he had an insurance of $400. He will re-open a shop here as soon as he can find a location.

T. J. Young's restaurant, a two-story wooden building on the west was slightly damaged by smoke and water, which is covered by insurance.

The J. C. Galalup building on the east in which are Glavin's shoe shop, Nichols' news stand and Denning's barber shop, was quite badly scorched and a little of the front burned away. The loss is covered by insurance.

A NEWSPAPER CHANGE

The Bradford Era Has Been Purchased by J. W. Milligan—The Company's New Officers

A deal was closed on Saturday by which J. W. Milligan, a well known business man, came into possession of the plant and business of Era Publishing company. The company has been reorganized by the election of the following officers: President J. W. Milligan; vice president, James George; treasurer, Morris Milligan; secretary, E. C. Charlton.

Daniel W. Dean, now editor of the Randolph Register will fill the position of editor of the Era, following the retirement of D A Dennison. Mr. Dennison will remain in the editorial chair until Mr. Dean arrives to relieve him. The Era anounces that H. S. Robbins, city editor and Miss Belle McIntyre, society reporter, will continue in their respective positions

Mr. Dennison and Mr. Bryan, former owners of the Era have not decided definitely as to their future business course.—Bradford Star Record.

While we welcome the new Era force into this field we regret that we are to lose Mr. Dennison and Mr. Bryan from the local fraternity. For years they have conducted one of the best morning papers in the state and both have many business and personal friends in this county who will regret their retirement from the Era.

We want all the women in this vicinity that are interested in Furs to meet Mr. Mayburg, expert Furrier, representing our largest and best Fur House. On Saturday, November sixteenth, Mr. Mayburg will be in our department and have on display a complete line of Coats in Pony, Hudson, Seal, Marmot, Sable, Squirrel, Caracul, etc. Muffs matched Sets, Neck pieces, etc., in all models of Fox and in the various colors; Lynx, Persian Lamb, Civet Cat, Hudson Seal, Japanese Fox, Pointed Fox, Black and Red Fox, Black Wolf, Black Racoon, Beaver, and a choice selection of fine Mink in matched Sets, and separate pieces. This will, no doubt, be your best opportunity to select reliable Furs this season as our splendid collection of good Furs will be supplemented for this day only by Mr. Mayburg's complete line and he will be pleased to give information and assist those interested. Let us explain our liberal refund of fares to our out-of-town customers.

Olean, BRADNER'S New York Adv.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President Taft's Proclamation Designates November 28 for Observance.

Washington, Nov. 7.—President Taft to-day issued a Thanksgiving proclamation, setting aside November 28 for the observance of that day.

The proclamation follows:

"By the President of the United States of America:

"A proclamation:

"A God-fearing nation, like ours, owes to it is inborn and sincere sense of moral duty to testify its devout gratitude to the All Giver for the countless benefits it has enjoyed. For many years it has been customary at the close of the year for the National Executive to call upon his fellow countrymen to offer praise and thanks to God for the manifold blessings vouchsafed to them in the past and to unite in earnest supplance for their continuance.

"The year now drawing to a close has been notably favorable to our fortunate land. At peace within and without, free from the perturbations and calamities that have afflicted other peoples; rich in harvests so abundant and in industries so productive that the overflow of our prosperity has advantaged the whole world; strong in the steadfast conservation of the heritage of self government bequeathed to us by the wisdom of our fathers and firm in the resolve to transmit that heritage unimpaired but rather improved by good use, to our children and our children's children for all time to come, the people of this country have abounding cause for contented gratitude.

"Wherefore, I, William Howard Taft, President of the United States of America, in pursuance of long established usage and in response to the wish of the American people, invite my countrymen, wheresoever they may sojourn to join, on Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of this month of November, in appropriate ascription of praise and thanks to God for the good gifts that have been our portion, and in humble prayer that His great mercies toward us may endure.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done at the city of Washington this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twelve and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and thirty-seventh.

"WILLIAM H. TAFT."

By the President.

Alvey A. Adee,
Acting Secretary of State.

MYSTERIOUS SHOOTING.

Dewey Fitch, of Near Blockhouse, Is A Patient in Hospital—Will Probably Recover.

Dewey Fitch a son of F. D. Fitch, who resides near Block House, about eight miles out the Montmorenci rural mail route, was shot in the right side in a mysterious manner while out hunting on Tuesday last. The lad was accompanied by two of his brothers, but just how the accident happened seems to be a mystery. They think it impossible for the young man to have shot himself and neither of the guns of the other two boys had been discharged, as they were still loaded after the accident. There were six or seven shots in his right side and they were considerably scattered, much more so, it is thought, than would have been the case if fired at close range. The boys didn't hear the sound of any gun at a distance and are at a loss to know where the shots came from. The two brothers picked Dewey up and hurried home with him, after which they got a horse and buggy and drove him as rapidly as possible to the Ridgway hospital, where part of the shots were extracted. It is thought the wounds will not prove serious and it is to be hoped the lad may speedily recover.—Ridgway Advocate.

WANTED

A man to represent the Singer Sewing Machine Co., in the towns of Smethport, Eldred, Port Allegany and Norwich. Apply to Singer Sewing Machine Co., Daniel Bacon, manager, Du Bois, Pa. tf-Adv.

SAVE MONEY

Bring your school children to John A. Swan, Dr. of Optics, and get their eyes fitted. Examinations free. 1t-Ad.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

Proceedings of Thursday Evening and Friday's Session

The concert on Thursday evening by The Anitas and Mrs. Dunbar was looked forward to by the teachers and others as likely to be the best entertainment of the week, and we were not disappointed. The concert was fine. The work of each member of the company was up to the standard and was heartily appreciated.

Friday Morning

The last session of the Institute was held Friday morning. Instruction was given by Dr. Pattengill and by Dr. Green, and it is only indicative of the high character of the instruction given during the week to say that the interest and enthusiasm of the teachers was carried by these men up to the closing moment.

Dr. Pattengil gave a strong talk using as his subject "A Correlated History Lesson."

The speaker dropped many hints on ways to make teaching effective by tying it to what has been taught before and hitching it to the great world of literature and experience from which the successful teacher must draw. He emphasized the value of reading in the home, and asked that boys and girls be taught to work to make a life as well as to make a living.

Dr. Green gave his last talk to the teachers on the subject Wireless Messages for the Teachers. His theme was the four great attributes which do so much to make possible the successful teacher—health, learning, goodness, gladness.

His text was divided into four parts and may be stated as follows:

1. Now good digestion waits on appetite and health on both.
2. Learn nor account the pang; dare never grudge the throe.
3. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.
4. Rejoice and be exceeding glad for great is your reward.

Report of Committee on Resolutions

The report of the committee on Resolutions was unanimously adopted as follows:

Whereas, The teachers of McKean County are about to adjourn from a most profitable and enjoyable Institute, and

Whereas, The people of Smethport and pastors of the churches have shown their interest in our welfare and contributed to the success of the Institute, and

Whereas, The instructors by their efficient and inspiring labors, and our County Superintendent, C. W. Lillibridge, have made this Institute one of the best we have ever attended and whose results we feel confident will be exceedingly beneficial not only to the teachers attending, but also to the schools of McKean County.

Therefore, Be it resolved, that we extend our hearty thanks to the people and pastors of Smethport; to the various instructors: Miss Jones, Dr. Green, Dr. Pattengill, and Prof. Yoder, who have shown that they are masters of their subjects and know how to present them in an interesting and instructive manner; to our faithful and energetic Supt. C. W. Lillibridge; to Dr. Singer, Dr. Teltrick, Dr. Sparks, and Dr. Baker, who have given helpful and inspiring addresses to Miss Hogarth for her capable work at the piano; to Miss Wells for her enjoyable readings and to all others who have in any way contributed to the success of the Institute; and,

Whereas, The county has lost by death two of its best teachers: Miss Lorinda Eddy and Miss Marie Ford, and as we miss them from our number,

Be it resolved, That we, their fellow teachers express our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families and that the resolution be published in "The Visitor," and that a copy be sent to the families.

Respectfully submitted,
F. A. BERKENSTOCK,
BURT S. TAYLOR,
E. E. CORNELIUS,
S. M. ROBB,
Committee.

Local Institutes

The committee on teachers institues reported institutes to be held at the following places and dates:

No. 16 Hamlin and Sergeant at Hazelhurst.
Nov. 23 Foster at Derrick City.
Dec. 7 Eldred and Annin at Eldred
Dec. 14 Norwich at Colegrove.
Jan. 11 Otto at Durke Center.
Jan. 18 Bradford and Lewis Run at Custer City.
Jan 25 Keating at East Smethport.
Feb. 1 Liberty and Annin at Turtle Point.
Feb. 8 County Teachers' Association at Port Allegany.
March 1 Ceres at Ceres.
March 8 La Fayette at Mt. Alton.
March 15 Hamilton at Ludlow.

The County teachers Association for the southern end of the county will be held at Kane on either Feb. 15th or 22nd.

If Feb. 15 is taken by the Association meeting at Kane, Wetmore township will hold a local institute at East Kane on Feb. 22.

The Institute closed at 11.30 Friday morning. It was a real live helpful meeting of earnest active teachers, and the instruction provided was the cheerful, helpful kind in which our worthy County Superintendent so much believes. Supt. Lillbridge is to be congratulated upon the success of this his second and best annual institute. It was the kind of meeting that awakens the desire of teachers to know and to do, and it furnished not only the incentive to enthusiastic and earnest work for the benefit of the boys and girls of this county, but in an unusual degree tried to show teachers how to accomplish results.

A feature of the Institute which was of much interest and which we hope to see made still more prominent in future years was the exhibition of penmanship and other work from the various schools of the county.

In panmanship specimens were on exhibit from nearly half the schools of the county. We trust that the exhibit has been an object lesson to teachers which will result in greater effort to improve the writing in all the schools.

Prizes in writing were awarded as follows:

First in county to Anna Zios, Mt. Alton school, La Fayette township.

Second in county, Harriet Swain, Hazelhurst school, Hamlin township.

Third in county, Grace Johnson, Bradford township.

The names of those who were best in the various districts will be announced in the next number of the Home and School Visitor.

STRONG—PITTS

Last Tuesday morning at 10:30 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Strong occurred the marriage of their daughter Nellie, to Preston Pitts, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Pitts of this place, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. W. Roy Tisseon, pastor of the Baptist church in the presence of only the immediate relatives.

The young couple were attended by Edgar W. Strong, the bride's brother, and wife of Smethport.

The bride was very prettily gowned in blue serpin, and the groom wore the conventional black.

They received many and useful presents.

After congratulations the young couple left for Jamestown, where the bridegroom is employed. After a stay of a few weeks the bride will return and spend some time here in caring for her mother, who is ill.

The young couple are well known here and are highly respected and the best wishes of a host of friends for their future happiness goes with them.—Friendship Register.

WALTERS—KING.

The marriage of John Walters, the popular manager of the P. F. Bard & Company store, and Miss Rose King, took place Monday afternoon at the home of the bride on Church street. Rev. F. T. Cady performed the ceremony. Miss Bessie King acted as bridesmaid and B. C. Taber as best man. Only a few of the immediate relatives and friends were present, no cards having been sent out.

Mrs. John Lane, of New York, Elizabeth Walters, of Palmyra, sisters of the groom, and Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Taber, of Buffalo, were present.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters left on the evening train for Buffalo, and will visit other points on their honeymoon trip. On their return, they will occupy the residence belonging to Mrs. Sartwell on Main street opposite the new school building.—Port Allegany Argus.

Keep these dates in mind, Saturday of this week, Special Display and Sale of Fine Furs; next week, November eighteenth to twenty-third, The Chrysanthemum show and display and sale of Thanksgiving Linens; display and advance Sale of Christmas Dolls at BRADNER'S, Olean, N. Y. Adv.

AN UNFETTERED GAS WELL NEAR KANE "CAPTURED."

The Great Keelor Well Harnessed After It Had Run Wild for Two Months.

Garfield Burke in the Pittsburg Dispatch tells the following interesting story of the greatest gas well ever struck in this section, which was located near Kane and was owned by the Keelor Brothers:

While we are referring to feats requiring nerve of the pure, unadulterated brand, I cheerfully take off my hat to the man who "shut in" the famous Keelor gas well up in the Allegheny Mountains a few years ago. Though six years have passed the story has never been told and even now, were I engaged in the pleasant occupation of peddling medals, the man who performed this feat would receive one if I had to rob one less deserving.

Whether you know it or not, natural gas is a peculiar thing. Of a retiring disposition it hides in pockets and streaks nearly a half mile beneath the earth's surface, and if unmolested will stay there and cause no trouble. But if its domicile is punctured by a drill it has been known—in rare cases—to chase the drill away in a hurry, blow the derrick to smithereens, cover everything with frost and proclaim its presence in a voice so loud and defiant as to give everybody in the vicinity a headache. While behaving in this manner I desire to say to those not acquainted with its propensities, it is not exactly a plaything.

The Keelor well performed all of the above named feats. It hurled the drilling tools weighing two tons out of the well, blew down the derrick, shooed the drillers off the lot, deposited frost all over the casing, made a terrific noise and for two months blew its precious breath into the air in arrogant defiance of the best experts in the industry to put a collar around its neck and choke its voice. Its roar could be heard for 10 miles, and crowds came from far and near to see and wonder. Within 200 yards of its ears had to be protected while the loudest shout of the strongest voice could not be heard by its owner. The ladies heard no profanity and it proved a rendezvous for henpecked husbands. Uncle Sam's biggest gun would have been in no class with a dove coo, while even a motorcycle was stilled. A nail keg thrown into its roaring vortex was blown into kindling wood, and a piece of rope was torn to shreds instantly. In fact it was a runaway resource well worth seeing.

Wonderful, Uncanny, Awful.

Watching it, there was something uncanny about it. Something awesome, that savored of another world and even the veteran tolerated the tenderfoot from a distance who seeing his first gas well, inquired in open mouthed wonder, "Where did it come from?" It caused one to ponder on the question of whether after all, this, one of nature's mysteries, had been wholly solved.

An authority on geology could have found an eager audience for this well

(Continued on page 8)

ELECTION TABLE

The Miner Will Print Complete Tabulated Vote Next Week

It was our intention to print a complete tabulated vote of McKean County in this issue but it was somewhat delayed and therefore will be printed in our next issue.

"ESTRAY"

A dark yearling stead colt with white spot on rump left of tail. Any information will be rewarded by J. L. Oviatt, Farmers Valley, Pa. Adv-tf.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadilac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of
BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,
Adv. Smethport, Pa.

HORSE FOR SALE

A bay mare, 7 years old, weighs 1300 pounds. For particulars inquire of MOODY & GUENTER,
Adv Coryville, Pa.

THE ADVENTURES OF SHAMROCK JOLNES

Marvelous Deductive Powers of a Famous Detective

By O. HENRY

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I am so fortunate as to count Shamrock Jolnes, the great New York detective, among my master of friends. Jolnes is what is called the "inside man" of the city detective force. He is an expert in the use of the typewriter, and it is his duty whenever there is a murder mystery to be solved to sit at a desk telephone at headquarters and take down the messages of "cranks" who phone in their confessions to having committed the crime.

But on certain "off" days when confessions are coming in slowly and three or four newspapers have run to earth as many different guilty persons Jolnes will knock about the town with me, exhibiting to my great delight and instruction his marvelous powers of observation and deduction.

The other day I dropped in at headquarters and found the great detective gazing thoughtfully at a string that was tied tightly around his little finger.

"Good morning, Whatsup," he said without turning his head. "I'm glad to notice that you've had your house fitted up with electric lights at last."

"Will you please tell me," I said, in surprise, "how you knew that. I am sure that I never mentioned the fact to any one, and the wiring was a rush order not completed until this morning."

"Nothing easier," said Jolnes genially. "As you came in I caught the odor of the cigar you are smoking. I know an expensive clear, and I know that not more than three men in New York can afford to smoke cigars and pay gas bills, too, at the present time. That was an easy one. But I am working just now on a little problem of my own."

"Why have you that string on your finger?" I asked.

"That's the problem," said Jolnes. "My wife tied that on this morning to remind me of something I was to send up to the house. Sit down, Whatsup, and excuse me for a few moments."

The distinguished detective went to a wall telephone and stood with the receiver to his ear for probably ten minutes.

"Were you listening to a confession?" I asked when he had returned to his chair.

"Perhaps," said Jolnes, with a smile, "it might be called something of the

"IT IS QUITE SIMPLE," HE SAID, HOLDING UP HIS FINGER.

sort. To be frank with you, Whatsup, I've cut out the dope. I've been increasing the quantity so long that morphine doesn't have much effect on me any more. I've got to have something more powerful. That telephone I just went to is connected with a room in the Waldorf where there's an author's reading in progress. Now to get at the solution of this string."

After five minutes of silent pondering Jolnes looked at me with a smile and nodded his head.

"Wonderful man!" I exclaimed. "Already?"

"It is quite simple," he said, holding up his finger. "You see that knot? That is to prevent my forgetting. It is therefore a forget-me-knot. A forget-menot is a flower. It was a sack of flour that I was to send home."

"Beautiful!" I could not help crying out in admiration.

"Suppose we go out for a ramble?" suggested Jolnes.

"There is only one case of importance on hand just now. Old man McCarty, 104 years old, died from eating too many bananas. The evidence points so strongly to the Mafia that the police have surrounded the Second Avenue Katzenjammer Gambrinus Club No. 2, and the capture of the assassin is only the matter of a few hours. The detective force has not yet been called on for assistance."

Jolnes and I went out and up the street toward the corner, where we were to catch a surface car.

Halfway up the block we met Rheingelder, an acquaintance of ours, who held a city hall position.

"Good morning, Rheingelder," said Jolnes, halting. "Nice breakfast that was you had this morning."

Always on the lookout for the detective's remarkable feats of deduction, I saw Jolnes' eye flash for an instant upon a long yellow splash on the shirt bosom and a smaller one upon the chin of Rheingelder, both undoubtedly made by the yolk of an egg.

"Oh, dot is some of your detectiveness," said Rheingelder, shaking all over with a smile. "Vell, I bet you trinks und cigars all round dot you cannot tell vot I haf eaten for breakfast."

"Done!" said Jolnes. "Sausage, pumpernickel and coffee."

Rheingelder admitted the correctness of the surmise and paid the bet. When we had proceeded on our way I said to Jolnes:

"I thought you looked at the egg spilled on his chin and shirt front."

"I did," said Jolnes. "That is where I began my deduction. Rheingelder is a very economical, saving man. Yesterday eggs dropped in the market to 28 cents per dozen. Today they are quoted at 42. Rheingelder ate eggs yesterday, and today he went back to his usual fare. A little thing like this isn't anything. Whatsup. It belongs to the primary arithmetic class."

When we boarded the street car we found the seats all occupied, principally by ladies. Jolnes and I stood on the rear platform.

About the middle of the car there sat an elderly man with a short, gray beard, who looked to be the typical, well dressed New Yorker. At successive corners other ladies climbed aboard, and soon three or four of them were standing over the man, clinging to straps and glaring meaningly at the man who occupied the coveted seat. But he resolutely retained his place.

"We New Yorkers," I remarked to Jolnes, "have about lost our manners, as far as the exercise of them in public goes."

"Perhaps so," said Jolnes lightly, "but the man you evidently refer to happens to be a very chivalrous and courteous gentleman from old Virginia. He is spending a few days in New York with his wife and two daughters, and he leaves for the south tonight."

"You know him then?" I said, in amazement.

"I never saw him before we stepped on the car," declared the detective, smilingly.

"By the gold tooth of the witch of Endor!" I cried. "If you can construe all that from his appearance you are dealing in nothing else than black art."

"The habit of observation—nothing more," said Jolnes. "If the old gentleman gets off the car before we do, I think I can demonstrate to you the accuracy of my deduction."

Three blocks farther along the gentleman rose to leave the car. Jolnes addressed him at the door: "Pardon me, sir, but are you not Colonel Hunter of Norfolk, Va.?"

"No, suh," was the extremely courteous answer. "My name, suh, is Ellison—Major Winfield R. Ellison, from Fairfax county, in the same state. I know a good many people, suh, in Norfolk, the Goodriches, the Tolliverrs and the Crabtrees, suh, but I never had the pleasure of meeting yo' friend, Colonel Hunter. I am happy to say, suh, that I am going back to Virginia tonight, after having spent a week in yo' city with my wife and three daughters. I shall be in Norfolk in about ten days, and if you will give me yo' name, suh, I will take pleasure in looking up Colonel Hunter and telling him that you inquired after him, suh."

"Thank you," said Jolnes; "tell him that Reynolds sent his regards, if you will be so kind."

I glanced at the great New York detective and saw that a look of intense chagrin had come upon his clear cut features. Failure in the slightest point always galled Shamrock Jolnes.

"Did you say your three daughters?" he asked of the Virginia gentleman.

"Yes, suh, my three daughters, all as fine girls as there are in Fairfax county," was the answer.

With that Major Ellison stopped the car and began to descend the step.

Shamrock Jolnes clutched his arm.

"One moment, sir," he begged, in an urbane voice in which I alone detected the anxiety—"am I not right in believing that one of the young ladies is an adopted daughter?"

"You are, suh," admitted the major from the ground, "but how the devil you knew it, suh, is mo' than I can tell."

"And mo' than I can tell, too," I said as the car went on.

Jolnes was restored to his calm, observant serenity by having wrested victory from his apparent failure, so after we got off the car he invited me into a cafe, promising to reveal the process of his latest wonderful feat.

"In the first place," he began after we were comfortably seated, "I knew the gentleman was no New Yorker because he was flushed and uneasy and restless on account of the ladies that were standing, although he did not rise and give them his seat. I decided from his appearance that he was a southerner rather than a westerner.

"Next I began to figure out his reason for not relinquishing his seat to a lady when he evidently felt strongly, but not overpoweringly, impelled to do so. I very quickly decided upon that. I noticed that one of his eyes had received a severe jab in one corner, which was red and inflamed, and that all over his face were tiny round marks about the size of the end of an ancient lead pencil; also upon both of his patent leather shoes were a number of deep imprints shaped like ovals cut off square at one end.

"Now, there is only one district in New York city where a man is bound to receive scars and wounds and indentations of that sort, and that is along the sidewalks of Twenty-third street and a portion of Sixth avenue south of there. I knew from the imprints of trampling French heels on his feet and the marks of countless jabs in the face from umbrellas and parasols carried by women in the shopping district that he had been in conflict with the amazonian troops. And as he was a man of intelligent appearance I knew he would not have braved such dangers unless he had been dragged thither by his own women folk. Therefore when he got on the car his anger at the treatment he had received was sufficient to make him keep his seat in spite of his traditions of southern chivalry."

"That is all very well," I said, "but why did you insist upon daughters,

SHAMROCK JOLNES CLUTCHED MAJOR ELLISON BY THE ARM.

and especially two daughters? Why couldn't a wife alone have taken him shopping?"

"There had to be daughters," said Jolnes calmly. "If he had only a wife and she bear his own age he could have bluffed her into going alone. If he had a young wife she would prefer to go alone. So there you are."

"I'll admit that," I said, "but, now, why two daughters? And how, in the name of all the prophets, did you guess that one was adopted when he told you he had three?"

"Don't say guess," said Jolnes, with a touch of pride in his air; "there is no such word in the lexicon of ratiocination. In Major Ellison's buttonhole were a carnation and a rosebud backed by a geranium leaf. No woman ever combined a carnation and a rosebud into a boutonniere. Close your eyes, Whatsup, and give the logic of your imagination a chance. Cannot you see the lovely Adele fastening the carnation to the lapel so that papa may be gay upon the streets, and then the romping Edith May dancing up with sisterly jealousy to add her rosebud to the adornment?"

"And then," I cried, beginning to feel enthusiasm, "when he declared that he had three daughters"—

"I could see," said Jolnes, "one in the background who added no flower, and I knew that she must be"—

"Adopted!" I broke in. "I give you every credit. But how did you know he was leaving for the south tonight?"

"In his breast pocket," said the great detective, "something large and oval made a protuberance. Good liquor is scarce on trains, and it is a long journey from New York to Fairfax county."

"Again I must bow to you," I said. "And tell me this—so that my last shred of doubt will be cleared away—why did you decide that he was from Virginia?"

"It was very faint, I admit," answered Shamrock Jolnes, "but no trained observer could have failed to detect the odor of mint in the car."

The Sacred Crocodiles.

The crocodile, one of the most sacred animals of the east, has given its name to several ancient sites. Of the various cities of crocodiles the names of which have been handed down to us by Herodotus, Pliny and Strabo, perhaps the most striking was the "Crocodilopolis" of the ancient Egyptian province of Fayum, which, according to tradition, was built by that pharaoh who "made the lives of the children of Israel bitter with hard service." This province lies within an almost complete circle of hills—a little oasis in the midst of the desert, where roses and grapes mingle with figs and olives and luxuriant palm trees grow almost into forests. Its capital is Medinet, and a little to the north of the city are a number of irregularly shaped mounds. Beneath these are the ruins of the pharaoh built "Crocodilopolis," the "City of Crocodiles," later called Arsinoe, and the shrine of the sacred crocodile of the neighboring Lake Moeris, which was then 450 miles in circumference. This lake held the sacred crocodiles, and as each died in turn it was buried in one of the 1,500 underground sepulchers of the world famed "labyrinth", at hand, side by side with the embalmed bodies of successive pharaohs.

The Music Teacher

He Could Not See Through a Millstone.

By HELEN CHAMBLISS

When my notary, Maitre Du Four, informed me zat ze court have decide zat my property, my chateau, my horses, my carriages, everyt'ing zat have come down to me from my ancestors, ze Counts de Souvenne, must go to pay my debts, I says Ver' well, I go to Amerique, where I feel not noblesse oblige, for ze Americans have no nobles in zair country. I take with me my violin I love so well, and I play in ze concert or maybe in ze orchestra, and if necessaire my daughter, Elise, she teach ze dance.

I feel ver' much disappoint on account of Elise, for I had arranged a marriage for her with ze son of my friend, ze Marquis of Bradalaine. But now I must say zat I have no settlement to make for her, of course ze marquis decline ze match for his son. Elise, who no like ze young man, prefer to go to Amerique even if she have to teach ze dance instead to be fine lady, which she have always been.

So we come to Amerique and we live in appartements, and I have a sign in ze window, 'M. Souvenne, instructeur for ze violin.' My daughter she encourage her old fader and she mak' fren' who get pupils for me, and I mak' enough to pay ze rent and for to eat, but nothing for clothes. But Elise, she have some fine clothes, which belong to ze familie for hundreds of years, which she mak' over in ze new modes. She would teach ze dance, but we have no' money to pay for ze room for ze school.

One day zere come a ring at ze bell of my appartement and I open ze door. A very fine young gentleman stan' zere an' he say to me:

"Monsieur, can you direct me to ze appartement of"—

He stop short. He look past me and see Elise sitting by ze window dressed in ze costume of one of her

"I LOOK UP AT HIM FOR APPLAUSE."

grandmeres, while she change ze costume of anudder grandmere to ze mode a present.

"What appartement for which you look, monsieur," I ask—"for ze appartement of M. Souvenne?"

He act like be awake from ze dream. He turn his eyes from Elise to me and say nothing.

"If you look for M. Souvenne, instructeur of musique, I am at your service."

"Ah, monsieur, you give lessons in musique? On what instrument?"

"Ze violin."

"I wish for to tak' some lessons. Will you be my instructeur, monsieur?"

"Entre, monsieur, if you please," I said, and ze gentleman arranged with me for to give him ze lessons on ze violin. All ze time he talk he keep his eyes on my daughter and forgot to ask ze price of ze lessons. I tell him I like to get $2 a lesson, but I t'ink he not hear me. I ask him when he like to begin, and he hear zat, and say, "Oh, yes, monsieur, I like to begin now."

"But you have no violin here," I say.

"Can you not lend me a violin for ze lesson" he ask. "Ze next time I bring one."

I let him tak' my violin and ask him how much he know already. He say he know ze notes, and he play a few pieces. I tell him to play one of ze pieces he know, and he commence to play. I put my hands to my ears and cry out:

"Oh, monsieur, you drive me crazy with your discords! You must begin at ze beginning."

I put before him ze musique for practice, and he play so bad zat I dispair to teach him. Zen he ask me to play some fine musique, and I select some t'ing of Gounod. My pupil, he listen much pleased with my playing, and when I finish he seem moved to tears. I felt ver' fine at zat. He ask me to play more pieces and I do so. When I finish a sonata of Beethoven I look up at him for applause and see him still look at Elise, who sew by ze window. I ask him what I play, and he say:

"Monsieur, I t'ink you play ze waltz."

"Mon Dieu," I exclaimed; "you call ze finest musique in ze worl' ze waltz! Zat is a sonata of le grand Beethoven."

"Pardon," he say; "I know very little about ze grand masters. But I will depart now. I come tomorrow for anudder lesson. I pay you for six one."

He tak' much monie from his portemonnaie and hand me a ten dollar bill.

"My fee is two dollar, monsieur. I have no change."

"You give me lesson, monsieur, and you play for me exquisite musique. I pay for ze lesson two dollar. Ze rest is for ze pleasure I derive from ze musique."

"Ze musique! When I play from Beethoven you t'ink I play ze waltz."

Ze gentleman turn red in ze face, and he smile with embarrassment, and he go away. When I go to close ze door for him he look over my shoulder at Elise.

"What a pupil!" I exclaim after he had gone. "He is a ver' bad musician, but ver' fine pay."

Ze gentleman—M. Jones was his name—came regular for to take ze lesson, and every day Elise sit by ze window to sew, for M. Jones say, "If I drive you to anudder room when I come I no tak' ze lesson." So Elise sit quiet, while my pupil he mak' frightful discords on ze violin.

At last I have to tell him zat he waste his money on ze lessons; he nevaire learn to play ze violin; he ver' much disappoint.

"Ah, monsieur," he said, "I hoped you teach me to play like my friend, M. Trevor!"

"M. Trevor! I have heard zat M. Trevor is ze finest amateur player on ze violin in Amerique. What a pity he is rich. If he had been poor he would have made a great name for himself as musician."

"You are ver' frank with me," said M. Jones. "I will repay you for your honesty. I know M. Trevor ver' well. He is a good frien' to me. I ask him to give benefit concert for you."

I mak' much protestation, but it avail notting. He go away and the next week I see in ze newspapairs advertisement of a concert to be given by M. Trevor for ze benefit of M. Souvenne, assisted by several professional persons. I was ver' much surprise. I ask Elise what she t'ink ze raison all zis kindness and she say she don' know.

"Maybe," I said, "it is because M. Jones was ver' much pleased with my performance on ze violin. But if this is so why he not ask me to play at my own benefit, I like to know."

"I don't think, papa," she said, "zat it wou'd be en regle for you to do so. I mean I t'ink M. Jones would suppose you to be too modest."

"I t'ink zat it would not become ze Count de Souvenne to appear in publique at such an occasion. It ver' much shock ze pride."

On ze evening of ze concert M. Jones send ze carriage for me and Elise to tak' us to ze hall. We feel ver' obliged, and we ride to ze hall and go in and tak' seats by ourselves at ze back, for all ze seats in front were filled up. But an usher came to us and led us to seats in ze front zat had been reserved for us.

Ze concert was opened by a lady who sang. After which a ver' fine solo on ze flute was given. I look at ze program and see zat M. Trevor play but one tune. I wonder zat ze people came to hear him play but once. He must be ver' fine performer. At last his turn came and—

Mon Dieu! My pupil, M. Jones, in evening dress, came on to ze platform with his violin under his arm.

"Ma foi!" I exclaimed, "he will spoil it all. What impudence!"

Elise could not hear me for ze applause zat greeted him. He stood while a prelude was played by those who were to accompany him, I waiting in agony to hear him begin his discords abominable. But when he touched the string with his bow, ver' low in tone but crescendo, it seemed as if ze angel were beginning to speak to ze audience. One could have heard someting ver' small drop on ze floor. Ze listeners sat in ze spell. Ze selection was ze "Stabat Mater." Zere were crescendo and deminuendo, ze one following ze other, and when it was finish I wish to shed tears.

"Elise!" I exclaimed. "A miracle! A saint have touched M. Jones and made a wonderful musician of him."

"He isn't M. Jones at all, papa. He is M. Trevor," my daughter say.

"What is zat?" I ask.

"I will tell you all about it, papa, when we get home."

Before Elise and I were allowed to go ze managaire came and handed me ze money in a bag. When I count him I find $753.

But I must tell what Elise told me. It was M. Trevor and not M. Jones who come to our appartements to look for some one. When I open ze door he see Elise and zat was ze reason why he tak' ze musique lesson as M. Jones.

I t'ink he not listen to me play because he liked to look better at Elise. And he pretend to not know how to play himself. I t'ink, too, as ze Americaines say, it was all a "put up job." And I t'ink, too, zat before M. Jones tak' many lessons Elise conspire with him to fool her old fadder.

Some time after ze benefit M. Trevor came to me and said:

"Count de Souvenne, I desire zat you do me se great honor to give me your daughter in marriage."

"Mon Dieu, how you know I am Count de Souvenne?"

"When I saw your beautiful daughter arrayed in the costume of a countess of years ago I suspected you were emigres from abroad in reduced circumstances, but I did not know until I had asked your daughter to be my wife that you were a French noble."

Elise is now Mme. Trevor. Her husband has bought the Chateau de Souvenne, and the young couple permit the old man to live there with them. It has never been possible for the old man to entirely forgive his son-in-law for not inviting him to play at his own benefit.

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Western County Miner
Smethport, Pa. Thursday Oct. 31, 1912

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Small game hunters saw two deer on Boyer brook one day last week, a big buck and a doe.

—Linens for Thanksgiving are advertised by Fry & Comes in this issue.

—An orchard demonstration will be given on the farm of W. R. Ventrees at Port Allegany on Monday next under the direction of State Zoologist H. A. Surface. All interested are invited to be present.

—Henry Duncan, aged 105 years, has just died at Asheville, N. C., from heart disease brought on by drinking coffee. The reckless habits of our old men, says the Chicago Record-Herald, undoubtedly shorten their lives.

—Ed. Studholme of Smethport was a brief visitor at this office yesterday. Mr. Studholme was meeting with the adjusters relative to the insurance of the Young house which was partly burned last week.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—A Western exchange goes at them as follows: "The wind bloweth, the water floweth, the farmer soweth, the suscriber oweth, and the Lord knoweth that we are in need of our dues. So come a runnin' ere we go gunnin'. We're not a funnin'. This thing of runnin' gives us the everlasting blues."

Jack Johnson, champion heavy weight pugilist of the world, is in jail in Chicago awaiting trial on several indictments for violation of the white slave act. Johnson's bail was placed at $30,000 last Friday and he expected to raise that amount by Monday, but several more indictments raised the bond again. It is said that he intended to forfeit the bond and flee the country if he succeeded in getting out.

—The immense Astor estate, estimated at about $78,000,000 will be turned over formally to the keeping of William Vincent Astor on Friday of this week. On that day he will come of age and the millions which have been held in trust for him since the death of his father on the Titanic will become his in fact, and there will be no one to tell him how the money shall be used.

—Whirled in the flywheel of the gas engine, which he was running, until every stitch of clothing except his shoes was stripped from his body, Fred Hamilton, of Olean, was thrown bruised and bleeding, to the floor of the pumphouse opposite the Erie Railroad station Monday night, his ribe broken, one arm hanging helpless and his collar bone fractured. It is not yet known what will be the outcome of the accident, although a report from the hospital was to the effect that he was getting along very well, considering the frightful nature of his injuries.—Eldred Eagle.

Mrs. Bisetts house has been moved onto its foundation on East Main street. W. I. Oviatt, who had the contract for the moving did a first class job which shows that he understands his business.

—Following the election of Wilson the 10 o'clock train, Wednesday, ran into and killed a visable cow belonging to S. Silverman, on the crossing to the park south of town. Mr. Silverman paid $60 for the cow but a few weeks ago and can't say that he appreciates this method of lowering the high cost of living.—Eldred Eagle.

—Charles McVean, who has delivered the Adams Express in this place for several years has resigned his position and Alex Cunningham has been appointed in his place. Mr. McVean will continue to handle the freight business as heretofore. Mr. Cunningham, who has been in the employ of Mr. McVean for a long time, thoroughly understands his new business and will make a good man for the position.

—Port Allegany has had an industry for some time, concerning which not much has been said, as it was in an experimental stage. About a year ago Fred Fairbanks and Volney Tefft invested in a knitting machine for making socks which they installed at the Fairbanks residence on Broad street. With it they have been making mens' socks, and now have the business in such shape that they are planning to install more machines, and plan eventually to make quite an industry of the proposition. They are selling the socks as fifteen cents a pair.—Argus.

—"Billy" Rugh's sacrifice of his life to save that of Miss Ethel Smith, when he gave 150 square inches of skin to graft on her burns, probably will be in vain. Miss Smith was prostrated with grief when she heard of the newsboy's death and never rallied. She was taken today to the Mary Hospital critically ill with pneumonia, with which she was seized following her relapse. Rugh allowed his leg to be amputated to furnish the skin for Miss Smith, who was badly burned in a gasoline explosion while riding a motorcycle. He died from shock after the operation. Almost his last words were an encouraging message to Miss Smith, whom he had never seen, and for whom he made the sacrifice simply through reading in the newspapers of her need.

COUNTRY NEWSPAPERS

New York Journal Says They Are Best Advertising Medium.

An editorial in the New York Evening Journal says: We repeat that advertising in country newspapers, properly utilized is the most valuable advertising medium in the world for its cost. We urge advertisers to take advantage of the opportunities offered by the country newspapers. We add, incidentally that we don't own and never expect to own any country newspaper or to have an interest in a country newspaper.

A country editor with five hundred circulation or more for his daily or weekly can talk to five hundred good, typical American families, all purchasers, all desirable customers.

Every publisher of a country newspaper should be, through his advertising columns, the trusted and valued agent and promoter of at least ten great industrial merchandising concerns.

The country publisher is able through his columns to sell everything. His readers buy everything that is for sale—from nails to pianos, from pills to automobiles. They buy paint and roofing and stoves and lamps—hundreds of commodities that the city dweller never buys.

There is not a community in the United States in any one of which ten or even fifty great American merchants and manufacturers would not gladly hire at high pay a competent earnest representative able to talk every day to five hundred or more families.

And every business-like, hard-working country publisher is such an agent, able every day to reach the consumers that nobody else can reach.

The country newspaper is the best of all advertising mediums.

And the publishers' profits should be not less than $6 annually for every copy of the paper sold.

Little by little advertisers will come to learn the value of the country newspaper, and very rapidly, let us hope, the country editors will come to learn the value of that which they have for sale and will demand and get their share of the national prosperity, acting as national, industrial and commercial representatives and not merely as the local mouthpieces of local merchants barely able to support themselves.

Many country publishers have written expressing appreciation of the Hearst newspapers' endeavor to impress on advertisers the value of country newspaper advertising.

H. E. Kell, publisher of The Journal, of West Point, Illinois, writes such a letter, and, commenting upon our reference to dishonest methods in dealing with country newspapers, especially the habit of publishing advertising in only part of the country newspapers' circulation, asks whether the Western Newspaper Union is guilty of that dishonesty.

The matter has been investigated, and, on the best authority, we are able to tell Mr. Kelyl, for his information and that of others, that the Western Newspaper Union is not guilty of the practice referred to, and against that concern no such charge is made.

The publishers that really protect the people—the hard-working owners and editors of the fifteen thousand or more country dailies and weekly—must unite to protect themselves and get their share of national prosperity.

They must give good and faithful service to their local business men, and at the same time good and faithful service to their local business men, and at the same time good and faithful service to the great mass of so-called foreign advertisers. Thus their prosperity will be doubled and quadrupled and their capacity for usefulness increased accordingly.

The country editor with a thousand circulation can make himself worth to the community at least six thousand dollars a year. He can make his paper earn that if he chooses to do it.

He must be his own master, not ruled by local merchants or corporations or politics—recognizing only his readers as clients, customers, advisers and equals.

The Meanest Man Bill.

They were discussing the freak bills that get themselves introduced into congress every year when a Colorado representative said:

"Sometimes I think the greatest boon we could have in this country would be the adoption of a federal statute in accordance with a bill an odd character in Colorado once wanted me to offer to the state legislature. It was entitled the meanest man bill and provided for an election in every county each year to determine who was the meanest man in the county. The man receiving the highest vote was to be hanged. Think of the good such a statute would do! Just consider what decent citizens all the people would be who received a few scattering votes! And those who stood any chance of leading the ticket would move away. In two or three years every place where the law was in operation would become a model community."—New York Press.

SENATOR VANCE'S WIT.

The Trick He Turned on a Rival in a Campaign Meeting.

The late Senator Vance used to say that his liveliest campaign for the governorship of North Carolina was that in which Judge Settle ran against him. They stumped the state in joint debate. All the white Democrats turned out to hear Vance and all the colored Republicans to hear Settle. On one occasion Vance was informed that some young ladies desired to testify their devotion to the Democratic party by kissing the Democratic candidate for governor. Nothing loath, Vance descended from the platform and kissed a dozen or so of the young beauties and then paused long enough to turn around toward his competitor and shout, "Settle, I'm kissing my girls; now kiss yours."

When he married the second time he said to his wife on their wedding day: "My dear, I'm a stubborn fellow, and you may anticipate trouble. Now, in the beginning, while I am submissive, I want to give you one piece of advice. If you follow it we'll get on mighty well. It is this: Make me do just as I darned please."

A newspaper man who was about starting for a rather out of the way portion of Vance's own state was asking him one day what kind of accommodation he was likely to find. "They'll give you some of their fried hog and eggs," the senator replied. "That's better than nothing," said the newspaper man. "I don't know—I don't know," the senator answered in a dubious tone. "I've tried both."—Argonaut.

KEEN SIGHTED GULLS.

Tests That Proved the Wonderful Vision of the Birds.

There is perhaps no other bird of land or sea so keen of sight as the common gull. To convince a skeptical friend of this, an American naturalist once made some interesting experiments.

The two men were passengers on a steamer where the spring ebb aided them to run twenty miles an hour. A dozen gulls followed them in the steamer's wake without apparent effort and circled in graceful curves over the water.

Breaking a cracker biscuit into four parts less than an inch square each, the naturalist handed one piece to his friend and told him to drop it into the seething waters on the starboard.

Immediately the bit of biscuit became invisible to human eyes, and yet before it had gone thirty yards astern a gull detected it and, dipping into the foam, secured it. One by one it picked up the other bits of biscuit, though neither of the two men could see them.

Tearing off a postage stamp from an old envelope, the naturalist dropped it overboard. The gull detected the waif and made as if to pick it up. But when within a yard or so of it the bird saw that it was nothing in his line and glided upward again to his favorite station on a line with the topmost truck.—New York Tribune.

Bizet's Red Ribbon.

Bizet, the author of the popular opera "Carmen," who died a month after its first production, was not at any time a lucky man. He was even decorated through a mistake, says a writer, "for his friends, presaging the failure of 'Carmen,' bombarded the minister before the production and begged a decoration for M. George Bizet. 'Bizet?' asked the minister. 'Who is Bizet?' 'A remarkable genius,' was the reply, 'who has already produced several extraordinarily fine works. Among them the most popular is perhaps "L'Arlesienne."' '"L'Arlesienne?"' interrupted the minister. 'Why, it is a perfectly fascinating book. I read it with extreme pleasure. Tell your friends that the thing is done.' The minister was not musical, but he had read a novel by Alphonse Daudet, and Bizet won his red ribbon."

Real Chivalry.

Men passengers in the old horse omnibuses of years ago had greater opportunities than at present of showing their politeness to women, especially on wet nights. One remembers the conductor's request as he swung his dripping form from the "monkey board" to the doorway.

"Will any gentleman ride outside to oblige a woman?" And there was always the gentleman whose chivalry prompted him to give up his seat, climb the steep steps to the "knife board" on top and complete his journey in the pouring rain.—London Standard.

Nature.

Nature is the armory of genius. Cities serve it poorly, books and colleges at second hand. The eye craves the spectacle of the horizon, of mountain, ocean, river and plain, the clouds and stars, actual contact with the elements, sympathy with the seasons as they rise and roll.—Alcott.

One Idea of Entertainment.

"Isn't that Mrs. Templeton-Brown the most entertaining creature?"

"I noticed the crowd around her. What was she talking about?"

"Why, about the awful things that happened to her when she was in the hospital."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only Fault.

"Is your husband a good man?"

"Yes. He's a good man. I can't complain. But he always sneaks out the back way whenever the minister calls."—Washington Herald.

What the superior man seeks is in himself. What the small man seeks is in others.—Confucius.

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SMETHPORT, PA.

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HARNESSES,
ROBES,
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The best goods at reasonable prices.
CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

The Grange National Bank
Smethport - - - Pa.
will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

We Want You To Try The
Sunshine Specialties
Biscuits that are a little more tempting than any you ever ate.
THE COLEGROVE GROCERY
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment
Everything in the Drug Line
BEST, PUREST AND MOST COMPLETE, PRICE RIGHT.
A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

TOPAY
Birth Stone of
November
Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.
Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
Smethport, - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings
We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Fall to show you.
Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.
Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.
We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.
New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.
IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

Samuels
BRADFORD, PA.
JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.
Bell Phone 800 Union Phone 499

Good Groceries
We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.
WE HAVE
everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our
TEAS AND COFFEES
retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.
Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

INSURANCE
LIFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
SMETHPORT, PA.
In Good Reliable Companies

EMIL THAMM
Manufacturer of
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position, and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Local reading notices and legal advertising, 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices $2.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 14, 1912.

The collision of a passenger train at Irvington, Ind., yesterday morning resulted in the death of 17 passengers and 20 more were seriously hurt.

According to late reports Turkey has applied directly to Bulgaria for an armistice, until peace terms may be made.

The four New York gunmen, Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Lefty Louie and Dago Frank are being tried this week for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler. The jury has been secured and the trial is well under way.

We are pleased to see that our old friend Edgar R. Kelss, of the Tioga, Potter, Lycoming and Clinton congressional district has been elected and we hereby extend our hearty congratulations to this able and successful man.

John Schrank has pleaded guilty to an attempt to murder Theodore Roosevelt in Milwaukee and Municipal Judge Backus appointed five Milwaukee alienists to act as a part of his court in determining the would-be slayer's mental condition. They probably will make a report on Thursday. The judge's action was the first such practice in Wisconsin criminal procedure. Under a recent statute the court was given this power.

The Eldred Eagle "Kids" the Miner because in spite of our earnest support of the Progressive ticket Taft carried Smethport by nine votes over Roosevelt. However, by way of comparison we will call attention to the fact that Col. Roosevelt received 131 votes in Smethport and Mr. Debs with the earnest support of the Eagle received 6 votes in Eldred. Does the Eagle think the Miner should have more than 21 times the influence of the Eagle, or does the Eagle think the Progressive cause is that much better than that of Socialism?

Jose Canalejas Mendes, the prime minister whom Spain has regarded as one of the greatest of statesmen, was shot and killed on Tuesday by a young anarchist, Manuel Pardinas. The assasin attempted suicide and it was first thought that he was dead, but when he had been carried to the hospital he was found to be living. No event since the throwing of the bomb at the carriage of King Alfonso, on May 31, 1906, while the King was returning from the church after his marriage, has caused such general consternation and such public sympathy. So far as can be learned, the assasination seems to be in no way part of a widespread political plot or revolutionary movement, but an isolated crime for which the exact motives remain obscure. The assasin, who was of Spanish birth, came recently from Buenos Aires, by way of Paris. Little is known about him.

Observing citizens must have noticed that there is a plain disposition on the part of the newspapers to drip all discussion of the recent election returns. Democratic organs satisfy themselves with exultation over such absurdities as an "unequaled landslide" and "the most tremendous majority ever given to an American president," while Tory journals naturally are glad to ignore the figures so far as possible.

Yet it is clear that the details of the vote last Tuesday demand the closest scrutiny of all thinking and patriotic Americans. It is only once in four years that the people of this nation formally and conclusively make known their opinions of the government of the past and their demands for the future. Acceptance of the verdict is an obligation of loyalty to our institutions, but avoidance of the information and the lessons conveyed is mere folly. We can think of no higher duty a newspaper could undertake at this time than to analyze the vote which changes governmental control and indicates so sweeping a shift in sentiment.

To say that Governor Wilson has won 433 of the 531 electoral votes seems to his elated supporters the end of discussion. Certainly it is conclusive as regards the result, but it does not touch at all the real significance of the event. Instead of enlightening, this statement merely obscures. Let us examine the figures and their meaning. According to a fairly close estimate, the popular vote will stand about as follows:

Roosevelt	4,215,000
Taft	3,350,000

A glance at this table dissipates all idea of a landslide. The Democratic candidate, instead of having a "record breaking majority," had 1,260,000 fewer than his two chief opponents. With the Socialist vote added—it will be nearly 900,000—he appears more than 2,000,000 votes under a popular majority. He polled even fewer than Mr. Bryan four years ago.

It must be remembered that the natural increase of voters is some hundreds of thousands at each election, and that two new states have been created since 1908, both of them having been carried by the Democrats The Democratic vote shows not an increase, but a significant decrease. The electoral vote, therefore, is not an accurate indication of public opinion. In California alone, for instance, a change of 500 votes would change 13 electoral votes.

Similarly, it is clear that the electoral vote of 90 for Roosevelt and 8 for Taft does not mean that the Republican party has less than one-eleventh of the strength of the Progressive party. On the other hand, the 4,215,000 Progressive votes and the 3,350,000 Republican votes do not begin to afford a true index of the relative strength of the principles represented by each. Only a frank analysis can give an intelligent understanding of how the people of this country stand. And such understanding is obviously of importance.

Impressive by its mere magnitude, the Roosevelt vote reveals its real force only when the conditions under which it was cast are considered. The Progressive cause operated against a handicap that may be fairly estimated at three to one.

Mr. Taft and behind him the national administration, with all its prestige and its hundreds of thousands of office holders. He had the disciplined standing army of his party, responsive of direction by him as commander-in-chief. He had the name Republican, standing for a party with an inspiring history of achievement and with a hold upon hundreds of thousands of citizens which no human force could sever. And he had the moral and financial backing not only of the forces of special privilege, but of the great body of voters who honestly believe in the policies of reaction.

The Progressives were hampered by lack of organized support. They had no such compact force at their command as Mr. Taft could rely upon in the concentrated efforts of the financial corporation interests, their attorneys and dependents. But their chief handicap was that they had to create a new party and its complicated machinery, not only against the natural obstacles of two established parties, but in the face of laws deliberately devised to prevent just such an enterprise.

The Progressive tickets, too, had to be made up after the other parties had completed theirs—a circumstance which proved a serious drag upon the presidential candidacy. The making of new tickets, from top to bottom, meant a complete change of line-up in many states. In thousands of instances it meant putting in the field men nominated by petition against men nominated direct by the people at the primaries. Regular party nominees who might be sympathetic with the new movement could not renounce the nominations they had, and in many cases the Progressives would not permit their inclusion in the Progressive ticket. The effect of this strife was to draw heavily from the support of the presidential candidates.

To measure the difference, therefore, between the 90 electoral votes for Roosevelt and the 8 for Taft, and between the popular totals of 4,315,000 and 3,350,000, all the factors we have mentioned must be considered.

It is proper, also, to recall that four years ago Mr. Taft, representing the same party, received 7,679,000 votes, and this time 3,350,000. In 1908 his vote represented not only his own candidacy, but the strength with the people of the Progressive Roosevelt policies and the Roosevelt indorsement; in 1912 his support was limited to Republicans who demanded or were satisfied with reactionary policies.

But a factor more influential than any of those cited was the Democratic action in putting Governor Wilson forth as a progressive, upon a platform which, while not so comprehensive or explicit as that both the first and second candidates drew their strength from the same source. While some of Governor Wilson's support was reactionary—as in the south, in New York and among Roosevelt-hating Republican Tories—his large pluralities in the east and middle west unquestionably represented sentiment.

And this suggests one of the most striking and incontrovertible facts of the election. The Taft support was a combination of reactionary and "regular;" the Wilson vote was divided progressive sentiment predominating; but the Roosevelt support was 100 per cent. progressive.

These are some of the more significant facts of the election. They have been made, in fact, by the editors of all newspapers, but the nature of the deductions explains why there has been tacit agreement not to give them the benefit of publication. They afford small comfort to devoted Democrats and only anguish to Troy sympathizers. Progressives alone can examine the results with serenity and confidence.

Aside from the status of the three leading parties, there is surely matter for thought, although it is blandly ignored, in the menacing growth of the Socialist strength. It is probable that this party, which polled 126,000 votes in 1900 and 430,000 in 1908, reached a total of 790,000 this year. With characteristic density, the Tories have attempted to fasten the term "socialistic" upon the Progressive policies; the fact is that Socialists are more strongly opposed to the purposes of either of the other parties, for the reason that they see in Progressivism the only effective obstacle to their propaganda.

Nearly 900,000 Socialist votes—has this no meaning? Supporters of the old party systems try to dismiss the fact in silent contempt. Yet the vote approaches 25 per cent. of the entire strength of the Republican party, backed by the power of special privilege and an organization with the prestige of half a century's success.

It is only within a dozen years that Socialist votes have been large enough to be noticeable in the count, and they could be comfortably ignored by the press. This year, despite the appeal of two platforms embracing many of the humane features of the Socialist program, the party increased its strength 90 per cent., while the Republican party lost 50 per cent. Men of business, men of statecraft, men of the churches, ask yourselves what this means.

In Philadelphia the other night railroad presidents and representatives of big financial interests met in conference and decided that conditions are sound and that the country will continue to prosper. This was a sane and sensible view. But we wonder whether any one of them based his conclusions upon the facts plainly set forth in the returns of the election?

Such influential men as these—the men who control credit and sway vast commercial enterprises, the members of mercantile and banking associations—these may be able to understand conditions and devise measures helpful in their way to the country; they may be able to see a little further than most of us. But unless they soberly study such manifestations as last week's election and seek to understand the significance of its lessons, to be repeated in the future, they will some day find themselves like mariners at sea without chart or compass.

Let them scrutinize closely and understandingly the verdict which the people have rendered. They will find it is due not to partisanship nor, as they fondly surmise, to political hysteria, but to economic demands which will not be denied.

The people of this country demand a change in economic conditions. They believe certain men and certain interests are responsible for the abuses resented. For the present, those men have an opportunity to acquiesce in and aid the irresistible movement; but if they will study the figures of the recent vote intelligently, they will see that the time is coming when they will have no choice in the matter at all.—Philadelphia North American.

COWS FOR SALE

Two good cows giving milk, aged 3 and 13 years. For particulars call on or address

Adv.4t. F. C. LYMAN, Water St.,

Final Preparations Are Well Under Way—Silver Cups Donated

Final preparations for the Great Western Pennsylvania Show to be held in the Armory building at Ridgway, Pa., November 19th-22nd, are well under way.

Mrs. C. H. McCauley has very generously donated a handsome fifty dollar silver cup for best display, all varieties. This cup will be known as the McCauley Challenge Cup.

Borgese Sisley and many other prominent citizens have also donated silver cups, or donations of money to purchase premiums. While others have given valuable prizes of merchandise.

There will be eighteen silver cups, a high power Winchester repeating carbine, an incubator, cut glass and silver, ten dollar gold pieces, and a long list of other valuable special prizes that will make the Ridgway Show a dangerous rival of many of the large shows of the East.

The cash premiums are also proportionately large. Five ribbons will be placed, 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th and 5th prizes. Arrangements have been made so that over 1,000 birds can be cooped in the large Armory.

The Philadelphia North American, Inquirer and Record, the Buffalo Courier and Williamsport Grit have donated silver cups and bronze medals. The Pittsburg Post will send a special photographer to report the show, and other Pittsburgh and Philadelphia papers will report the show winnings. The veteran Judge H. P. Schwab will place the awards. This is to be a comparison show, in addition, the winning birds will be scored. All coops will be disinfected and dusted before the show.

A number of interesting special exhibits will be attractive features. A large attendance from surrounding towns is expected. Entries positively close November 16th. Get your entries in early; a winning at Ridgway this year will mean something.

Don't forget the date, November 19-22, 1912. Write to J. F. Leyer, Secretary, Ridgway, Pa., for 44-page premium list, and you will know why Ridgway will hold the greatest show of quality in the country.

HORSES FOR SALE

I offer for sale at reasonable prices six (6) good general purpose horses. I want to sell and will give amazing bargains. A. T. PALMER, Smethport, Pa. Oct. 30, 1912 Advt.

Wanted—A girl for general house work family of three. Geo. J. Chase, Cemetery St., Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

WHY SHOULD I BUY My Clothing of Kleinhans Buffalo ?

1st—Because their tremendous business gives them a big advantage in buying their goods, thus enabling them to save you from $2.50 to $5.00 on any garment you select.

2nd—Because owing to their large stocks they are able to carry every size and proportion in suits and overcoats, thus enabling you to get a perfect fit without delay.

3rd—Because they refund railroad fares 40 miles round trip on purchases of $25.00, and 80 miles round trip on purchases of $50.00; thus enabling you to visit them without expense.

THE Kleinhans Co
Buffalo's Greatest Clothiers
Main, Clinton and Washington Sts.

Agency for Ladies Home Journal Patterns

ADAM, MELDRUM & ANDERSON CO.
396-408 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

All purchases delivered within 100 miles Free of Charge. Railroad fares refunded to out of town customers.

$2.95 Kimonos, $1.95

$10.00 Wool Gowns, $6.95

All Wool Albatross Negligee Gowns made in Empire style—trimmed with round satin collar and cuffs—finished with fine pleeting of satin around waist and trimmed with satin buttons. Colors are light blue and pink. Regular $10.00 value, Sale price, $6.95.

$2.95 Teazeldown Kimonos, $1.95

Teazeldown Kimonos in Empire effect (like illustration) top of waist finished with crochet scallop edge—round collar and cuffs—finished off with scalloped edge—in beautiful colors and designs. Regular $2.95 value, Sale price, $1.95.

$3.95 Teazeldown Robes, $2.95

Teazeldown Robes in Empire style—square collar in back with satin border forming neck—finished with satin fold at waist—in beautiful colors and designs. Regular $3.95 value, Sale price, $2.95.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money will be Refunded

GOTHAM MODEL

You know that Regals look as a gentleman's shoes should look.

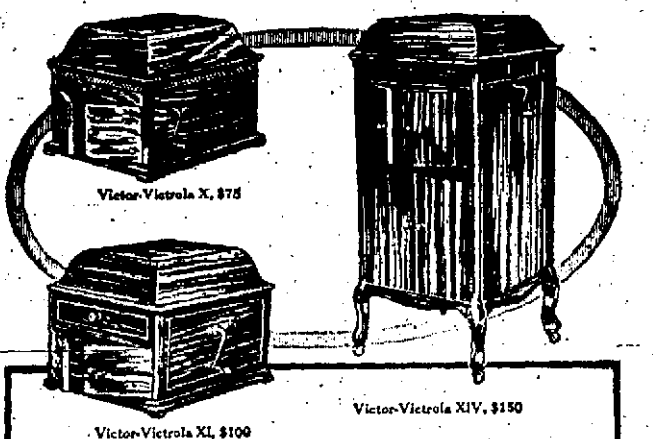
You have a pretty strong notion that they are well-built of good materials.
You have intended for a long time to give Regals a trial.
Then begin now with this GOTHAM MODEL.
Moderate heel and toe, roomy and comfortable—but Beau Brummel himself would be proud to wear it.

It will give the wear and satisfaction that have built Regal sales up into the millions.

Black Smooth King Calf Blucher, stout sole.
Price, $4.00

REGALS

E. W. RUBIN,
THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER



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We're willing to do our part to put one in YOUR home *right now.*

Come in today and select the style you like best and we'll arrange terms to suit your convenience so that you can enjoy the instrument while you're paying for it.

That's a fair enough offer, isn't it? Come and take advantage of it.

Victor-Victrolas $15 to $200. Victors $10 to $100.

FURDICK'S MUSIC STORE & INSURANCE AGENCY

Victor-Victrola

RESILIO

Is recognized at the greatest substitute for air in automobile tires yet discovered.

It removes all tire troubles and rides as easy as air, as well as doubling the life of your casings.

During the winter season have your tires filled and be ready for the most pleasant year of automobiling in your life—the season of 1913.

For prices and other particulars inquire of

PENN TIRE FILLER CO., Coudersport, Pa
OR
BACKUS NOVELTY CO., Smethport, Pa.,
Sole agents for McKean County.

Colgates Toilet Articles

Our line of Colgates Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance. in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,
THE SHOE MEN
Smethport, Penna

...RD PATTERNS NEW MILLINERY

Phone No. 46 if you are in a hurry.

ASSER & GREGORY

Our new Merchandise is all on display and we can give you selection in every department. We offer you exceptional ... plain and fancy serge, whip cord fancy suiting, and chency ...ss patterns.

We invite the careful spender to come in and see what ex...al saving we can give.

All the new and up-to-date styles in Neckwear.

Unusual and dainty designs Handkerchiefs.

Every item advertised is from our new goods and for Friday ...urday only.

Reg. 39c fancy suiting	29c
Reg. 50c whip cord in red, blue and brown	35c
Reg. $1.00 mens' sweaters	69c
Reg. $1.50 shackford Ingrain rugs	98c
Ladies striped silks shirts	$2.25

MASSER & GREGORY

SMETHPORT, PA.

...e closes at 6 p. m. excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

IRONING DAY

...pleasurs if you have one of our Akron ...rons. We put them out on three weeks and have not had an iron come back Easy to op...rate and can be attached to ...et.

DALY & GARLICK

HARDWARE AND PLUMBING

...Kean County Miner

...t the Postoffice at Smethport, Pa ... second-class mail matter

...ort. Thursday, Nov. 14, 1912.

...GAL AND GENERAL.

...nksgiving two weeks from to...

...counts of administrators ...cutors appear in this issue.

...shine Specialties are advertis...he J. Colegrove Store in this ...ble week.

...Sheridan Gorton is confin... home on King street by ill...

...J. Clayton Backus enter... the Kensington Club at her ... evening.

...divorce notices for the De... term of court appear in this the Miner.

...open season for killing deer ...next Friday. Only bucks with ...ay be legally killed.

...are indebted to C. W. Shar... an excellent venison steak ...was hugely enjoyed last Sat...

...oung people's choir has been ...d in the M. E. Church and ...is appearing regularly Sun...ings.

...s Bessie Quinlisk will enter... party of friends this evening ...travellers club house. Bridge... will be the amusement.

...repairs on the foot bridge on ...ic street, near the bakery are ...ompleted and the bridge will ... for traffic in a few days.

...W. D. Herzog and Mrs. L. L. ...entertained the Bridge Whist ... the home of the latter on ...street yesterday afternoon.

...George Gerritt entertained a ... of ladies at her home on King ...ast evening at a 5:30 o'clock ... The evening was spent play...is.

...'t plunge into uncertainty ...buying an Overcoat or Suit. ...mer advertises in this issue. ...chaffner & Marx clothes at ...ble prices.

...Ladies Aid Society of the ...st Episcopal church will give ...al in the chapel Tuesday eve... ...ovember 19th, at 8 p. m. Ev... is invited to attend.

...eam of horses belonging to ...Burch, the milk-man, ran ...ast Saturday morning and ... quarts of milk was scatter... the street. No other serious ...was done.

...n to Mr. and Mrs. Sol Marks ... home in Renovo on Sunday, ...1912, a girl. Mr. and Mrs. ...ubin of this place are receiv...ratulations upon the birth of ...st grand-child.

...Bisset's house has been ...nto its foundation on East ...eet. W. I. Oviatt, who had ...ract for the moving did a first ... which shows that he under...is business.

...John R. McCarty of East ...reet, was given a birthday ...party Thursday evening, Nov. ...r neighbors. She was pre...ith a beautiful present. Re...ts were served and all report ...ood time wishing Mrs. Mc...ny more birthdays they de...r their homes.

—The Rev. W. E. Van Dyke is in attendance at a church council being held in Norfolk, Va., Mr. Van Dyke will be gone over Sunday, but services will be held in St. Luke's church at the usual hours Sunday.

—"Sydenham Sue" was at the Lyceum Tuesday evening, but owing to the fact that there were so many pretty girls here last week, she did not draw much of a crowd. And to those who saw her, She was rather a disappointment.

—From the Port Allegany Reporter we learn that Lena, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Shepard, is dangerously ill. She was formerly one of the teachers in the school here and her many friends will be grieved to hear of her illness.

—The W. C. T. U. will meet Tuesday afternoon, Nov. 19, at 2:30, at the home of Mrs. Worster on Mechanic street. The East Smethport Union will meet with us and a good attendance of our own members is desired. Several members of the Smethport Union visited the East Smethport Union last Tuesday and had a most enjoyable time.

—V. H. Brainard, of Friendship, N. Y., in the Andover News asks: "If a 'Bull Moose' calf three months old can lick an 'Elephant' what will it do when it is a yearling?" We can't answer this problem but it is a safe bet that the G. O. P. Elephant and the Free Trade Mule will be left at the post when Mr. Moose enters the sweep-stakes race in 1916.

—Services in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday are, preaching by the pastor, the Rev. Elmer S. Beacom, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School at 11:45; Epworth League at 7 p. m. A young peoples' choir has been started for the Sunday evening service. There will be a ten-minute song service in the evening. All are cordially invited to attend.

—Gertrude Oliver, a little Kane girl was badly burned Saturday. Her clothing caught fire when she stood in front of an open gas burner at her home. The child rushed out into the hall where her mother was and the mother tried to extinguish the flames with her hands but she could not. Then she rolled the child in a blanket. The mother's hands were painfully burned.

—An incomplete canvass of the Democrats of Smethport shows that Charles McKean, Scott F. Redfield and W. C. Daly are not candidates for the local postoffice and Hon. R. W. Hilton refuses to commit himself at the present time. If there are any other Democrats in this borough who are not prospective candidates for this postoffice plum we will gladly publish their names upon request by the non-contestants.

—There are a good many alleged counterfeit Canadian quarters and half dollars in circulation in this place. The supposed distinguishing marks are that the top of the front and back of the coins are together instead of the opposite. Otherwise the coin appears to be perfect and some of our best judges in town claim that these alleged counterfeit coins are genuine. They are supposed to have been made by a man named Coles who lived near Eldred and was arrested recently for counterfeiting.

—Later reports from Olean, N.Y., state that Ethel Smith, the girl for whom Billy Rugh, newsboy, gave up his life, was improving at the hospital where she is ill with pneumonia. Dr. J. A. Craig, who attended Rugh and also is attending Miss Smith, has been summoned from the east where he went to be married. Miss Smith's brother, father and fiance contributed fifty additional inches of skin nine days ago.

—Mrs. Archie Malcolm met with a painful, though not serious, accident last Friday morning. She was attempting to light the Rheem instantaneous heater that is connected with the hot water tank when a gas explosion occurred, burning her face quite badly. Dr. H. L. McCoy was called and rendered relief to the sufferer. Had Mrs. Malcolm not turned her face as the explosion took place the chances are that she would have lost the sight of her eyes.

—The annual fete of St. Elizabeth's will take place this year on Nov. 28, 29 and 30. Thursday evening the 28th, it will open with a grand dance. Friday evening a local talent entertainment and Saturday there will be a Clam Chowder Supper at 5:30 p. m. in the church dining hall, after which the 'Fair' will close with a dance and social time at the opera house. The committees have nearly all been appointed and are working hard to make all these occasions first class in every respect.

—Fred L. Maneval, of Ridgway, employed by the Pennsylvania railroad, has been awarded $1,000 and a bronze medal for bravery by the Carnegie Hero Fund commission at Pittsburg. On July 19, 1907, Mr. Maneval, a brakeman on the Pennsylvania railroad, saved Elna Newburg from being run over by a train at Ridgway. The attention of the commission was called to this act of bravery and the honors conferred upon him have just been announced.—Elk County Gazette.

—The largest side-wheel passenger steamer in the world, the "Seeandbee," in course of construction for the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit company, was launched Monday at the Wyandotte ward of the Detroit Shipbuilding company, being christened by Miss Mildred Moodey, of Painesville, O., daughter of Robert C. Moodey, one of the directors of the Cleveland and Buffalo Transit company. The new steamer is to ply between Cleveland and Buffalo. It is being built on designs made by Frank E. Kirby, whose eminence as a marine architect is undisputed. She will carry 6,000 passengers and 1,500 tons of freight. She will go into commission July 1, 1913.

—Frank Acre, who was tried before Burgess Harry L. Backus a couple of weeks ago and convicted on a charge of drunkeness and loitering on the streets of Smethport, after being sentenced to pay a fine of $25 or serve 30 days in the county jail, was released upon suspended sentence so long as he kept sober was taken in by the police on Tuesday evening and yesterday he was remanded to jail to serve the 30-day penalty imposed upon him. Burgess Backus is determined to put a stop to the practice of drunken men loafing on our streets and this is his first conviction under the new ordinance passed last spring and covering this sort of a nuisance.

Bitten by a dog pronounced by the State authorities to be suffering from rabies, Frank Kenniston and John Burch, both of Kinzua, will depart to-day for Pittsburg, where they will take the Pasteur treatment to prevent their infection with the malady. The mad dog entered Kinzua Saturday from points up the river and before it could be dispatched had badly bitten both Kenniston and Burch, tearing them about the legs and hands. It was finally killed and the head was sent to the State authorities. A telegram received Sunday announced that the dog had rabies. Both men were given immediate medical attention, but no chances will be taken and they will go to Pittsburg. It was found that the dog was from Bradford and that it had passed through Riverside and thence down to Kinzua, and it is reported that a number of persons were bitten en route.

—One of the biggest sensations of years hereabuts was caused by the filing of a suit involving the $2,000,000 estate of John McKeown of Washington, Pa., for many years one of the foremost oil operators in western Pennsylvania, and well-known in McKean county. The plaintiffs are Maggie A. Rice, Peter Kane and Daniel Kane, or Ireland, where McKeown was born, and John Bellew, Malachy Bellew and Joseph Bellew of Pittsburg. The defendants are the children and grandchildren of Mrs. Sarah McKeown, whose death ocurred two years ago. The claim of the Kanes and Bellews, who are sister and brother-in-law of John McKeown, is based on the allegation that Sarah McKeown was never the legal wife of John McKeown. It is alleged that when she took up her abode with John McKeown she was not legally separated from her first husband, John Rugh, who, it is claimed, was still living at the time of her death.

"The biggest and most expensive single advertisement ever placed, is five full pages in this weeks SATURDAY EVENING POST announcing the new 1913 STUDEBAKER automobiles. Be sure to get a copy and read it, or drop a postal card to Backus Novelty Company, Smethport, Pa., and they will mail you a copy free." Adv.

Remember the several important trade events at BRADNER'S, Olean, N. Y., Saturday of this week, November eighteenth. Special display and sale of Fine Furs (see advertisement in this issue). The Chrysanthemum Show and Thanksgiving Linen Display and Sale for the week November eighteenth to twenty-third, also advance Sale of Christmas Dolls. BRADNER'S, Olean, N. Y. Adv.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK. Adv.

R. E. DIAMENT

SUCCESSORS TO

J. S. McCarthy

Everything in the line of
Fresh Meats
Salt Meats
Oysters and Fish
Canned Goods

Courteous and careful treatment given to all old and new customers.

R. E. DIAMENT,
Smethport, Pa.

IF YOU WANT TO APPEAR STYLISH YOU WANT A

Henderson Corset

So Come To Our STORE For Your Next CORSET

HENDERSON Reducing Corset

THE BISETT STORE

Thanksgiving Dinner Cards Shown now.

Cheaply Constructed Clothes

are not cheap at any price. When you want to buy an

OVERCOAT

or a good suit, take no chances.

Most Everybody has heard that HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

make some of the swellest clothes in America——have you heard it? Whether you have or not it will certainly be worth a little of your time to let us show you a line of $15.00 to $25.00

Overcoats and Suits

made by Hart Schaffner & Marx of Chicago. We invite you, to look.

WM. MONNHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Home Journal Patterns

Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

Store Closed at 6 p. m. Excepting Mondays and Saturdays.

STORE CLOSED THANKSGIVING DAY, NOV. 28.

Linens For Thanksgiving.

How's the table linen supply? Ample? Got all the table cloths—tray cloths—napkins and other linens you'll need?

Beautiful, good, wholesome linens are indispensible to the Thanksgiving spread. A special purchase enables us to offer better values than usual this week.

SUN BLEACHED—All the better grades—not chemically bleached. Chemicals weaken the flaxon threads—cost away an invisible gum which holds the tiny fibers together, destroying the strength of cotton. Sun bleaching has no effect on the gum.

Cloths, the yard at 25c, 50c, 75, $1.00 and $1.25.
Napkins, the dozen at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and $3.50.
Pattern Sets Cloths 2½ to 3 yds. Napkins 12 inches $5.75 to $6.50 per set.
Pattern Sets Round-cloths 72 in. Napkins 20 in. $10.00 per set.
Tray cloths each 25c, 50c, $1.00 and up to $3.75.
Doilies, each 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00.
Lunch cloths each $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and up to $3.75.

FRY & COMES

SMETHPORT, - - - - PA

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing", offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—To Attempt to Sell Them on the Record and Reputation of

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowleged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

The Home of QUALITY GROCERIES

What Place Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. Especially.

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient. until meal time Kids!

Try These, They'll Please!

GEO WASHINGTON Prepared coffee. Made in the cup. Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant

ARTIS BROTHERS PLUM PUDDING Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL

PHONE 7

When they're apt to get up close, slip in a Remington-UMC Scatterload—and make your choke bore gun good in brush or thicket

Arrow and Nitro Club steel lined scatterload shot shells open up your pattern so evenly that your bird can neither get too much nor too little.

A special system of wadding gives at 25 yds. a spread equal to that of a standard shell at 40 yds. and with greater penetration.

The steel lining gives the speed plus perfect pattern. Get a box to-day. Your local dealer has them. Try them on a paper target with your old duck gun.

Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway 12 New York City

Two Camphor Wood Boxes

Contemplated Harmless Revenge That Came Near to Tragedy

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was two years since Captain Benjamin Worth had sailed for the orient, and when his return was heralded in Little River two people awaited his coming with different emotions. Philo Moore, the head hooker, Clatty beau of Little River, had incurred Captain Worth's [illegible] wrath by a [illegible] shuddered at the thought of facing the irate skipper. On the other hand, Mrs. Ariana Wesley, the handsome widow who had promised to marry the captain on his return, looked eagerly for his coming.

Philo Moore aired his grievances on the hospitable steps of the postoffice. "I thought Cap'n Ben was to stay for two years," he grumbled.

"So he has—so he has," said Ariana Wesley's brother, Sam Brown. "Two years and one month. Of course our folk would know." He threw out his chest and looked important, for Captain Benjamin Worth was well to do, and his trip to China and India had been taken merely as a passenger on a large trading schooner. The captain had sailed to all those eastern ports in his earlier days, and this pre-nuptial trip was what might be called a last fling at his roving life before he submitted to double harness.

"Two years and one month," groaned Philo; "seems like two months. Time does fly."

"Specially if you ain't all powerful glad to see somebody," grinned Sam Brown. "Let me see—what was it the captain said he was going to do to you when he come back, eh, Philo?"

Philo spat nervously into the dusty road and half unconsciously looked over his shoulder. "I don't see what call Ben Worth has to do anything to me!" he complained. "If he tries to make me any trouble I'll get the law on to him, and don't you forget it, Sam Brown. You can put a flea in his ear if you wanter."

"Tell him yourself," retorted Sam. "I didn't never get up at midnight and change the stakes on the captain's buildin' lot up to Paradise Heights so's 'twould make my lot three foot bigger, I didn't do it!"

"Didn't know you had a lot up to Paradise Heights," ejaculated a bystander curiously.

"No more I ain't," said Sam, with such emphasis that they all looked at Philo Moore.

"I didn't know Philo had neither," said the bystander.

"He hasn't—now," grinned Sam Brown. "He sold it to somebuddy—an Eyetalian, I think, wasn't it, Philo?"

Philo nodded surlily. "I could buy it back if I liked."

There was a general laugh. "You could buy most any lot on the heights now for a song. The only feller that made any money offen Paradise Heights was the one who wrote those fancy advertisements. When the cap-

AT LAST THERE APPEARED THE FORM OF CAPTAIN BENJAMIN WORTH.

tain heard you'd sold that lot next to him to a dago he wrote he'd skin you alive, Philo." Sam Brown winked at the other loungers and strolled away.

Philo Moore humped himself in a corner by one of the posts and waited patiently for the arrival of the stage with the evening mail. As the time drew near for its arrival a little crowd gathered there, discussing the daily happenings of the village. Philo Moore sat strangely silent, smoking his pipe, watching keenly out of his little dark eyes.

There was a distant rumble from the hill. It grew louder and with it came the pound of hoofs and then there came into view the heavy stage drawn by two white horses. Around it whirled a cloud of dust, for the March wind was blowing mightily.

The mail bags flew out and struck the porch with a thud. The back doors of the stage were flung wide open and several people tumbled out. At last amid a grumbling monologue there emerged the familiar form of Captain Benjamin Worth, a carpet bag in each hand and a wide smile wreathing his good natured countenance.

Philo Moore melted away into the darkness while the newcomer's eyes embraced the familiar crowd with friendly warmth. They gathered about him and made his welcome one to be remembered.

"There's an old friend of yours hereabouts, captain," grinned Sam Brown after awhile. "Hi, there, Philo, step forward here!"

"Philo Moore, the most unscrupulous old scalawag that ever turned a hand to business," sputtered Captain Worth as he peered into the surrounding darkness.

"He's gone," said a small boy and at that they all laughed and broke the spell of ill feeling that the mention of Philo's name had engendered.

The captain registered at the hotel, for his bachelor abode was still closely shuttered and locked, and after he had partaken of a supper and attended to the load of boxes which had followed him down from the station, he made a careful toilet and went up to call on his lady love.

Mrs. Ariana Wesley had wind of his coming and was waiting for him in her snug little parlor. The drum stove was stuffed with apple tree logs and the roar of the blaze as it drew up the chimney quite drowned the first tender greetings of the reunited lovers.

"It's my last voyage in those parts, Ariana," said the captain rather regretfully. "I reckon I'll just drop anchor hereabouts. I expect I'll be under your foot all the time."

"But never in my way," beamed the widow softly, and the captain squeezed her plump hand appreciatively. He lifted the hand and looked at its pink palm thoughtfully.

"I've got a blamed sight of truck stowed away for you, Ariana," he said. "All kinds of gewgaws to stick in your hair—rings for your fingers and slippers for your toes—what?" He leaned back and roared delightedly at his own wit. Then he sobered down and stared solemnly at the twinkling prisms on the hanging lamp. "Guess what I've got for you in a camphor wood chest, Ariana?"

"Oh, I can't guess," sighed Ariana. "What is it like, Benjamin?"

"Something that no woman in Little River can match!" boasted the captain. "My gracious, but you'll take the wind out of their sails when you get on that rigging!"

"It's something to wear," suggested the widow.

"Like as not," grinned the captain happily. "Never mind. I'll send up the chest tomorrow, and then you'll see what you'll see."

"You are the kindest man in the world, Captain Ben," said the widow feelingly. "You've been real sweet to me."

The captain blushed like a beet, and he went on hastily and somewhat incoherently: "Yes, ma'am, I said to myself, Mrs. Ariana must have nothing but the choicest in the market, and when you see what's in that chest you'll realize just how much Captain Ben Worth thinks of you."

After the captain had left the widow's abode and was on his way back to the hotel his mind became filled with bitter thoughts of Philo Moore. "Blast his toplights!" he muttered angrily as he stumped along. "I'll fix him. When he opens the box I've got for him he'll wish he'd never monkeyed with Benjamin Worth!"

Captain Ben growled all the rest of the way to the hotel, and when he was up in his room he dropped on his knees before two small brass bound chests made from aromatic camphor wood and unfastened the straps that carefully secured them.

He took a bunch of keys from his pocket and fitted one to one of the chests. He threw back the lid and disclosed a quantity of tissue paper. Under this was roll after roll of rich silk, fans, bracelets, ivory and jade carvings, lacquer wood boxes and other Chinese wares. These treasures would quite turn the head of the prospective bride.

The lid snapped down and the chest locked. Captain Ben opened the second one, this time carefully and with what seemed to be elaborate caution. Indeed, he went through various maneuvers that would have excited the wonder and curiosity of an onlooker had there been one.

At length he closed the lid, locked it and went to bed to sleep soundly the long night through. Side by side in the moonlight there stood the two little camphor wood chests, one filled with pretty things dear to a woman's heart, the other containing a death dealing force.

One was a gift for his sweetheart, the other his revenge on Philo Moore.

"If it wasn't right and just for me to pay Philo back in this way the Lord would have prevented me from getting the thing here!" So reasoned Captain Ben as he dressed the following morning, and he stifled his conscience with the recollection of the mean trick the miller had played on him two years ago. He did not know that matters had not been going Philo Moore's way lately. Perhaps it was the old man's crooked treatment of Captain Ben which shook public confidence in him. Anyway, business fell off from the mill, and people went a long way around to the Brook mill rather than trade with Philo Moore.

After breakfast Captain Ben shouldered one of the boxes and went downstairs. "Here, Bill," he said to one of the loungers, "you take this over to Mrs. Wesley's, will you?" He dipped a quarter at the man and returned upstairs for the other box. This one he handled carefully and conveyed it down the river road to the silver gray mill where Philo Moore lived in a mist of white flour dust.

The wheel was rushing merrily around, and the water flowed in a snowy stream over the rims. Captain Ben walked steadily up to the door of the mill with his burden and looked in. The wheel was turning, but there was no corn in the hoppers, there was no wheat to be turned into flour, for the bags were piled rafter high, and Philo had not yet disposed of what he had ground, but he was keeping up an outward appearance of business.

Captain Ben went into the dusty little office where Philo was poring over his accounts and set the camphor wood chest down on a high stool before the astounded miller. Philo Moore grew very pale around the lips when he saw the chest and read the vengeance in Captain Ben's stern face.

"What's this?" faltered the miller.

"That's what's coming to you, Philo," said the captain, closing the door. "That box is for you to open, and when you see what is inside, you'll understand the nature of revenge. I don't believe you'll ever skin another man out of his rightful property. Now, you open that box—quick!" He turned on the miller with such ferocity that Philo accepted the proffered key and thrust it in the lock.

All at once with a sudden accession of courage the man threw back the lid and lifted the mass of tissue paper that was there. His eyes widened at

FIRST THE CAPTAIN WAS AHEAD AND THEN THE MILLER.

the sight of rolls of silk, fans and other women's gewgaws, and he turned to the silent man beside him.

"So that's your revenge," he was beginning, when the captain's hand clutched his arm with an awful grip.

"My God, Philo, what have I done?" he gasped. "I've sent the wrong box to Ariana Wesley. Come, I've got to get there right away!" He dragged the astonished miller after him, and together they sped up the road one behind the other. First the captain was ahead and then the miller would make a spurt and pass him, and so they ran, followed by the populace of Little River, who became woefully confused in mind as to whether Captain Ben Worth was chasing Philo Moore or whether the miller was pursuing the captain.

And so they came to the house of the Widow Wesley, and found her just entering her yard after a morning spent at her mother's. She opened the gate to admit the captain, but the miller spurted then and passed the sailor, and so the widow admitted the captain and then closed the gate in the face of Little River.

In the front porch they paused and breathed heavily. On the green settee where the messenger had placed it during the widow's absence, was the camphor wood chest unopened.

"What's this?" asked the widow curiously.

"I sent the wrong one by mistake. This one belongs to Philo Moore—or, at least, it did—but I'm going to take it back," panted the captain.

"Can't I see what's inside?" coaxed the widow, laying a hand on the chest.

"No, no, Ariana! Philo, will you go back to the mill and bring that chest to Mrs. Wesley? Then come to the hotel; I've got something for you."

An hour afterward Captain Benjamin Worth had completed the burial of a very dead specimen of a fangless cobra which he had brought in a torpid state to thoroughly frighten Philo Moore. And when the nervous miller finally presented himself at the hotel to receive the dreaded gift he almost wept for joy to discover it was nothing save a curious pair of Chinese swords which his old enemy had kindly brought from Asia.

When Captain Ben was alone once more he wiped the sweat from his brow and sank weakly back in his chair. "I've had a great deliverance," he muttered thankfully. "The next time there's vengeance to be handed out I guess I'll let the good Lord take care of it in his own way!"

No Moral Value.

A soda water tank blew up in New Jersey the other day and reduced the owner to fragments.

The moral effect of a soda water explosion is about as much of a deterrent as a sanitary creed against kissing.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OUR GREENBACK FACTORY.

Where Uncle Sam Turns Out Paper Money and Postage Stamps.

One of the most interesting sights at the national capital to the hundreds of thousands of strangers who yearly visit Washington is the bureau of engraving and printing, where the government turns out immense amounts of the paper money which we daily see in circulation.

Much of this paper money—greenbacks and gold and silver certificates—is issued directly by the government itself, while the remainder is prepared for issue by the national banks throughout the country. These issues are printed from engraved steel plates of the finest workmanship on a particular, distinctive paper, which, it is said, counterfeiters have never yet been able to imitate. This establishment also produces government bonds whenever there is a call for such, in addition, postage stamps are manufactured there in vast quantities, recently at the rate of 300,000,000 a day or about 10,000,000,000 per year. This aggregate bids fair to increase annually and in time to reach huge proportions.

While the products of the bureau are interesting, the mechanical devices employed by it are most ingenious, comprising many automatic machines of wonderful efficiency. The utmost vigilance is exercised in guarding the products of the bureau, and generally everything proceeds there in the most systematic and efficient manner.—Leslie's.

CHINESE SIGNBOARDS.

Quaint Inscriptions That Appear Over the Shops in Peking.

In his book, "Meeting the Sun," W. Simpson gives some amusing examples of signboards to be seen above shops in Peking—"Shop of Heaven Sent Luck," "The Shop of Celestial Principles," "The Nine Felicities Prolonged," "Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight," "The Ten Virtues All Complete," "Flowers Rise to the Milky Way."

"In these signs," says Mr. Simpson, "we can see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, 'No Cheating Here,' but I could not find anything like it in the list. 'Good and Just According to Heaven' ought to satisfy the ideal notions of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' 'The Honest Pen Shop of Li' implies that other pen shops are not honest.

"'The Steel Shop of the Pockmarked Wang' suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of the customers. A charcoal shop calls itself 'The Fountain of Beauty,' and a place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of 'Heavenly Embroidery.' An oil and wine establishment is the 'Neighborhood of Chief Beauty,' a description the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Peking. 'The Thrice Righteous' is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium shop."

Dickens Used Real Names.

Perhaps the most curious of Dickens' character names is Stiggins, for Stiggins, which by Dickens' exertions has become a synonym for religious hypocrisy, is a real name and one, oddly enough, with religious associations of a genuine kind. Stiggins is, in fact, only a corruption of the name Stigand, the famous archbishop, who crowned King Harold and later on William I. Most of the names in "Pickwick" can be found in the directory. Pickwick itself, as we know, was taken from a coach at Bath, and the village of the name is still there, and it is not so very long ago that Mr. Dickens, K. C., called and examined a Mr. Pickwick in a law case. Snodgrass was once a fairly common English name and can still be found in America. Winkle and Tupman are real names, and a Sam Weller is buried at Eastbourne.

The Dead Sea.

Many persons imagine that the Dead sea in Syria is nothing but sea water of extreme saltiness, but that is a mistake. The name was given to the great salt lake because nothing could live in its waters. Owing to the density of the water fish cannot sink in it, and they could not live if they did, as some of the salts are powerful antiseptics, which means that they are fatal to any form of life. There is about 3 per cent of chloride of lime in the Dead sea. About half the salt in the Dead sea is chloride of magnesium, whereas nearly all the salt in the ocean is just common table salt.—New York Sun.

How He Was Hurt.

Sunday School Teacher—And when the prodigal son came home, what happened, Tommy? Tommy—His father ran to meet him and hurt himself. Sunday School Teacher—Why, where did you get that? Tommy—It said his father ran and fell on his neck. I bet it would hurt you to fall on your neck!—Judge.

The Poet's Lay.

Jackson—Our friend the poet seems to be in great feather tonight. He is laughing and talking at a great rate. Carrie—Yes. He wrote a poem today, and he is cackling over his lay.—Philadelphia Record.

Caught Him.

Mrs. Gnaggs—You are not a man. You are a—a worm, Mr. Gnaggs—Well, I noticed you played the part of the early bird.—Exchange.

A Trade Mark.

Gabe—Why do geniuses wear long hair? Steve—Why, we wouldn't know they were geniuses if they didn't.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

If There Is No Bright Side Burnish Up the Dark Side.

"A gentleman remarked to us that the true theory of life was to get on the admiration side and not on the cynical and objurgatory side of life. We believe that is sensible, says the Ohio State Journal. "Look on the bright side and if there is no bright side burnish up the dark side" is a little quotation that we put in our notebook more than a score of years ago. It is good gospel. It is the doctrine of hope. Grumbling at everything is un-Christian. It will condemn a man as sure as profanity or lying.

The Bible says, "But let all those that put their trust in thee rejoice." There is philosophy for this. A person cannot do any good in a bad spirit. If one hates a man he cannot reform him. Every good thing that a man does pulls some evil up by the roots. Good deeds grow by smiles as the wheat grows by the sunshine. Boost the good and the bad will have a poor chance.

It is right to curb the evil if one does not waste all his strength at it, so that he will have to sit down and lose heart. There is no final defeat in an honest, sincere effort, and that is the doctrine of the upward look and the bright side of life.

SHOE ODDITIES.

Two Pairs Are Sometimes Broken to Oblige Finicky Customers.

When a one legged man buys a shoe the dealer sends to the factory for a shoe to match the one left remaining. In these days of the use of machinery in every process of their manufacture shoes are made with the utmost exactness and precision, and it is easily possible to mate that remaining shoe with the greatest nicety in size, style, material and finish.

Few people have feet exactly alike. Commonly the left foot is larger than the right, so that one shoe may fit a little more snugly than the other. Commonly, however, people buy shoes in regularly matched pairs, the difference in their feet, if it is noticeable to them at all, not being enough to make any other course desirable.

But there are people who buy shoes of different sizes or widths, in which case the dealer breaks two pairs for them, giving them, to fit their feet, one shoe from each. In such cases the dealer matches up the two remaining shoes, one from each of two pairs, just as he would where he had broken one pair to sell one shoe to a one legged man.

Halcyon Days.

The seven days preceding and the seven days following the winter solstice were called by the ancients "halcyon days." This phrase is derived from a fable which sets forth that Halcyone, a princess who grieved so deeply for the loss at sea of her spouse, was sent thither in pity in the form of a halcyon bird or kingfisher. According to the legend, the halcyon bird had during the time of breeding the power of lulling the waves, and it was believed at this time the sea was always calm and might be navigated in perfect security. Experience, of course, dispelled this fable; but, like many another old world story, it has left behind it a distorted meaning. In this case the connection between the old and the new significance is clear, for the term, once expressive of peace and calm upon the waters, is equally expressive of tranquillity upon the sea of life.

Facilities to Economize.

"Our forefathers lived much simply than we did," said the m takes everything seriously. "Ti not hesitate to economize."

"Yes, but look at the room th to economize in. You couldn't us to churn in a flat or keep ch and a garden on the fire escape you?"—Washington Star.

What a Man Eats.

Mrs. Subbub—I wonder what' ever Harry. Instead of being e usual, he started off happy an ting like a bird this morning. (a new girl)—It's my fault, m got the wrong package and ga bird seed for breakfast food.—an's Home Companion.

Disappointed.

Clara—I've been looking into life, and I'm awfully disapp Mary—Why? Clara—My wors picions are unfounded.—Satire.

The Wedding.

"Was the wedding a success?"

"Oh, a huge one. Why, wome bitterly who didn't even kno bride."—Exchange.

A willing mind makes a hard easy.—Massinger.

The Lump Fish.

Did you ever hear of the lun Well, it's a peculiar species fo salt water. This strange fish is a sucker formed by two ventr which are so shaped that wi fish reclines on a rock the fins suckers and hold it firmly. As the eggs are deposited in shall between stones, the female that she has done her part, them and the male at once d charge and guards the eggs un hatch out and then the youn they are able to take care of selves. In moving round he is followed by the numerous which has given rise to the ter and chickens." At times they themselves to the sides of their by their sucking disks, thus pre a singular appearance.

Elasticity of Conscience.

In the majority of cases con is an elastic and very flexible which will bear a deal of str and adapt itself to a great va circumstances. Some people, I dent management and leaving piece by piece, like a flannel wa in warm weather, even cont time to dispense with it alto but there be others who can the garment and throw it off at ore, and this, being the great most convenient improvement, one most in vogue.—From "D "Old Curiosity Shop."

His Paying Powers.

Old Gotrox—I don't think m that young Dudeleigh who pos parlor ornament around here o ally. Pretty Daughter—Why, pays me the loveliest compl Old Gotrox—Yes, and that's was ever known to pay, so far a learn.—Exchange.

Consolation.

"They say she is devoted to h hand and baby."

"Yes, poor thing! She hasn't t prize at a bench show for three —Puck.

Bad men excuse their faults. men leave them.—Ben Jonson.

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To Brasted

WANTED—A RIDER AGE

IN EACH TOWN and district to ride and exhibit a sample Lates "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are m money fast. Write for full particulars and special offer.

NO MONEY REQUIRED until you receive and approve bicycle. We ship to anyone anywhere in the U. S. without a c in advance, prepay freight, and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test yo If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to k bicycle ship it back to us at our expense and you will not hear a

FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycl possible to make at one small profit actual factory cost. You save $10 to $25 middlemen's profits b ing direct of us and have the manufacturer's guarantee behi bicycle. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyo or sundries until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard prices and remarkable special offers to rider agents.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful and study our superb models at th fully low prices we can make you this year. We sell the highest grade bi best makes, better than you can buy elsewhere, at one-half to one-third the usual prices. Many marvelous factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit where others charge $10.00.

BICYCLE DEALERS, you can sell our bicycles under your own name plate at double o Orders filled the day received.

SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but us a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we clear out promptly, ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain list mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals; parts, re equipment of all kinds at half the regular retail prices.

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY $4

Notice the thick rubb "A" and puncture str and "D" also rim str to prevent rim cuttin tire will outlast an make SOFT, ELAS EASY RIDING.

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My Husband, Greet You"

ry of a Colonial Thanksgiving.

By F. A. MITCHEL

Stanford sends greeting to Walter urn and would be pleased to have or of his company for dinner at 1 on Thursday, November the 26th, ear of our Lord 17—.

Stanford was a widow thir- t years old and of very pleasing ance. There was but here and a single gray hair in her head, mplexion was florid, her eye was brown, and altogether she was to look upon by a man who had twoscore years and five.

er Washburn had offered him- Mrs. Stanford, but that lady, she admired him for his stal- form and his prowess—for he istinguished himself in the In- ans in the colony—was not mind- take for a partner one who was ossessed of worldly goods. So eclined Mr. Washburn's offer, many thanks, for the honor he have conferred upon her.

the widow had a daughter, ful, half her age and the repro- m of her mother as that mother

"MY HUSBAND, I GREET YOU."

been at her age—that is to say, the ger woman was like a peach with first rosy hue painted on it by the while the older was that same h when its colors had become mel-

Mr. Washburn, having been ded away by the woman he loved, irally sought comfort with the ghter who so nearly resembled her, being lonely, living by himself in oaken domicile, smoking his pipe, ary, before the logs burning in his it open fireplace, he mused thus:

f I cannot have the mother to keep company, why should I not have daughter, providing that mother give her to me? True, I wish the er woman, who is nearer my age with whom I can consult as to my irs, but Faithful is stronger and better do that work about a house ich is expected of a woman. Be- es, the mother and I will be aged the same time and like the blind ding the blind, whereas Faithful en I am an old man will be in her me and the better able to take care me. Yet she will be old enough to ve lost a desire for admiration, and nall not have to fear the gallantry of ung men."

Thus did the lonely bachelor attempt persuade himself that it would be tter after all that he should marry daughter instead of the mother. vertheless there were many reasons the other side, and down in the bot- m of his heart he wanted Mrs. Stan- d herself.

However, having formed a resolu- n, the next day he went to the use where the two women lived and, lling for the mother, asked for the nd of her daughter. He was natural- shamefaced in making his request, ce not long before he had assured lady of whom he made it that his ppiness depended solely on her. He pected to be taken to task for his ange of heart, but the widow simply plied that her daughter had reason be proud of having won the esteem so prominent a defender of the lony and she, the mother, would be ppy to bestow Faithful upon him if could show that he had the property be expected of the man she should arry. Since Mr. Washburn could ow nothing more than he had shown his previous application he arose th a deep sigh and left the house.

Walter Washburn, who was as sim- e minded as he was brave, poured s trouble into the ears of Mrs. Hurl- t, a married woman, who had shown eat friendship for him. Mrs. Stan- rd was acting selfishly in refusing r daughter to a good man whom she l not wish for herself.

'I would advise you, Friend Walter," id his confidant, "to carry off the ung woman you wish to wife."

'How could I do that?" asked Wash- rn.

'You are not fitted to form a plan in ch a proceeding. You must have ne friend to lay one for you and to dat you in carrying it out. Leave the tter to me. Come to see me again a few days, and I may have some- ng to say to you."

The next day Mr. Washburn received the invitation to eat a Thanksgiving dinner with the widow and her daughter. The friendly act smote his conscience that he had even thought of robbing the widow of her daughter and he went at once to Mrs. Hurlbut to say to her that she need form no such plan as she had proposed on his behalf, for he would have nothing to do with so nefarious a matter.

But Mrs. Hurlbut soothed him and reminded him that lovers had from time immemorial eloped and had always held the sympathy of mankind. Washburn said that his own case was different from those, for he was not a young lover and had never spoken a word of love to Faithful Stanford. He had followed the custom of the times by asking her hand from her parent. However, Mrs. Hurlbut, who was a persuasive talker, finally won him over, then said that she had formed a plan as follows:

On the evening before Thanksgiving day would take place the usual Wednesday evening prayer meeting, at which all the colonists would be present, including the Stanfords, mother and daughter. Mrs. Hurlbut would go to the meeting and Walter Washburn would do the same. The road over which the Stanfords must go to their home was a lonely one. Mrs. Hurlbut and Walter would follow them, and when out of sight and hearing of others Mrs. Hurlbut would throw a bed quilt over the mother and a sheet over the daughter, using different coverings that the two might be known apart. Walter was to seize the figure under the sheet and carry her away to the minister to be married. Mrs. Hurlbut would hold the mother under the guilt till there should be no time for her to interfere. It was to be hoped that the next day being Thanksgiving, a day devoted to religious exercises and thankfulness, the mother would forgive Walter for the kidnaping of her daughter.

Mr. Washburn had misgivings as to this scheme, both feeling that the abducted girl would not marry him even if it otherwise succeeded, and if she did that her mother would never forgive him. Moreover, there was a law in the colony that any man courting a young girl without her parents' consent would be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor for doing so.

But when a resourceful woman is determined to have her way with a man, especially one so easily led as Walter Washburn, there is no standing against her. Mrs. Hurlbut carried her point and on the evening of the prayer meeting took her friend Walter to the meeting house with her. When the meeting was over and the Stanfords went out and toward their home Mrs. Hurlbut and Walter followed them, the former carrying the quilt and the sheet, and when they came to a dark part of the road she stole up behind them and proceeded to cover them.

The sheet, being white, was easily distinguished, and Walter took the woman it contained in his strong arms and carried her off. Beyond a slight scream she made no outcry, and her resistance soon ceased. Walter as he strode along told her who he was, what was intended and asked her consent to a marriage forthwith. After a few minutes she spoke a faint "Yes," but before entering the minister's house said that she would rather not be known and preferred to keep on her covering.

But even this was unnecessary, for the minister, who had gone to bed, came down in the dark, and when he strove to strike a light the punk, which was damp, would not ignite, and Walter, who was fast losing his equanimity, begged him to proceed with the ceremony in the dark. So he did, and the two were made man and wife.

After the ceremony Walter supposed that his wife would go to his home with him. But she declined, saying that at the Thanksgiving dinner the next day she would confess all to her mother, since that would be a time when she was most likely to be forgiven. Walter could not but see the wisdom of such a course and parted not unwillingly with his newly made wife.

The next day all met at the service in the meeting house. Mrs. Stanford gave Walter a friendly greeting, and her daughter looked upon him as unconcernedly as if she had not so recently become his bride. He walked home with them, and soon after their arrival the dining table was loaded with a haunch of venison at one end, a wild turkey at the other, the interval being filled with other delectable viands. Walter was placed at the head, while Mrs. Stanford sat at the other end facing him. When the meats had been eaten she said to her vis-a-vis:

"Friend Washburn, when next you propose an abduction be more sure of the friend who leads you into it. Mrs. Hurlbut informed me of the plot to carry off my daughter, and, feeling that if she or I must be your wife, I, as first asked, should be the bride, I asked that I and not Faithful be covered by the sheet. It was I who went with you to the minister."

Then, raising a glass of wine that stood before her, she added:

"My husband, I greet you!"

Walter sat gazing at the speaker for some time, while the truth was slowly permeating his dull brain. Then, arising from his chair, he went to where she sat and, enfolding her in his arms, imprinted a kiss upon her lips. From his wife he passed to Faithful and, also giving her a kiss, said:

"My daughter, I forgive you."

Then returning to his seat he bowed his head and reverently gave thanks for the happy outcome of a plan that had never met with his approval, but which had turned out as he wished.

TWO STRANGE WOMEN.

What They Would Do If Closeted Together For a Night.

Edna Farber writes a fiction story in the American Magazine in which the principal character is Emma McChesney, a traveling saleswoman. On one of her trips she took her son with her, a boy of seventeen. This boy had to spend the night with a stranger in a country hotel. Next morning his mother asked him about his roommate. The boy knew very little, not even the name of the man with whom he stayed, whereupon Emma McChesney broke out as follows:

"Men are the cussedest creatures. This chap occupied the same room with you last night and you don't even know his name. Funny! If two strange women had found themselves occupying the same room for a night they wouldn't have got to the kimono and back hair stage before they would know not only each other's name, but they'd have tried on each other's hats, swapped corset cover patterns, found mutual friends living in Dayton, O., taught each other a new Irish crochet stitch, showed their family photographs, told how their married sister's little girl nearly died with swollen glands and divided off the mirror into two sections to paste their newly washed handkerchiefs on. Don't tell me men have a genius for friendship."

SUSPENSION BRIDGES.

They Were Common In Peru In the Days of the Incas.

Suspension bridges, some of them of considerable length, were common in Peru in the days of the Incas. They were formed of cables of twisted osiers passed over wooden supports and stretched from bank to bank, then bound together with smaller ropes and covered with bamboo. The road from Cuzco to Quitto is still noted for frail bridges of this sort, which are in constant use and span deep chasms.

The Chinese also, according to Kircher, have for centuries been familiar with the "suspension" theory and have constructed chain bridges in which the weight of the roadway is supported by the tension of the chains.

The first iron suspension bridge in Europe was built over the Tees, near Middleton, in 1741, for the use of miners. Two chains were stretched in a straight line, steadied by ties from the banks below, and the roadway for foot passengers was supported by the chains.

The modern suspension system practically dates from 1816, when bridges, both over 100 feet in length, were successfully completed at Galashiels and Peebles.—London Standard.

Barefooted Children.

People who visit Mrs. R. for the first time usually look surprised, and some have been known to make hysterical exclamations if while they are under the hospitable roof they get a glimpse of the children, a boy of five and a girl about two years younger. To the friends of the family they are known as the "little barefoots," for they have never worn shoes or stockings except when they are in the street. When the boy was learning to walk, the mother explains often, he showed a tendency to "toe in," and by the advice of a physician the baby shoes were cast off. The remedy was so effective that shoes are now used for street wear only. "The children take them off," said the mother, "when they come in the house, as we do our gloves, and we all think they are better for doing so."—New York Tribune.

It Pleased the Composer.

A curious story is told as to how the Rothschilds supported Carafa, the composer. The latter was far from rich. His principal income was derived from a snuffbox. And this was the way of it: The snuffbox was given to the author of "La Prison d'Edinbourgh" by Baron James de Rothschild as a token of esteem. Carafa sold it twenty-four hours later for 75 napoleons to the same jeweler from whom it had been bought. This became known to Rothschild, who gave it again to the musician on the following year. The next day it returned to the jeweler. This traffic continued till the death of the banker and longer still, for his sons kept up the tradition, to the great satisfaction of Carafa.

Reversed the Terms.

An old negro who lived on a southern plantation went to the nearby city for a visit and while there went to see his young "marster," who was living in the city at the time. On his return the young man's mother asked if he was in good spirits.

"Well, mum," responded the old negro, "I reckon I'll 'spress it a little diffunt an' say de good sperrits wuz in Marse Jeams."—Exchange.

Her Banking Plan.

"I should like to open an account at this bank, if you please."

"We shall be glad to accommodate you, madam. What amount do you wish to deposit?"

"Oh, but I mean a charge account, such as I have at the big dry goods stores."—Chicago Tribune.

Business Associates.

Messenger—Who's the swell ye was talkin' to, Jimmie? Newsboy—Ah, him an' me's worked together fer years. He's the editor o' one o' my papers.—London Opinion.

Of Course.

Mrs. A.—Where did you go for your new hat? Mrs. B.—Through my husband's pockets. Where do you think?—New York Journal.

A STUDY IN SMOKE.

Beauties That Greet the Eye From Any of Pittsburgh's Hills.

Robert Haven Schauffler, writing in the Metropolitan, says: "I never come within range of the unique spell of modern Pittsburgh without wishing that I might personally conduct thither the sage who so mendaciously declared that there is nothing new under the sun, for Pittsburgh is something new.

"From any of the city's hundred hills one can enjoy more varieties of smoke in an hour than there are kinds of cloud in a month. These range all the way from fairy shavings of ice and curls of driven snow, through geological strata of pure cream, mischievous, evanescent ringlets of bluish white, smudges faintly tinged with olive, aerial bushes of delicate rose, trees of orange and rusty red, through a hundred tones of gray, from the most ethereal fawn to sheer brutal dirt, then deepening to a black as rich as the glossy, tarry coal from which it sprang.

"One convenient thing about the smokescape is that you can enjoy some part of it wherever you happen to be. Looking west in the canyon of Fourth avenue one morning, the lower parts of the office buildings were quite obliterated by a dense, low lying bank of soft, dusky smoke. But as the eye traveled upward this cloud began to thin until, when it reached the cornices, every detail of them stood out sharply in the sunlight against a sky of pale sapphire. Such effects are as interesting as they are characteristic of the place."

IRON AND POWER.

The Link Between the Metal and the Great Nations.

In the sixteenth century the greatest iron making nations were Spain, France and England, and beyond all fear of contradiction these were the three countries which were then reckoned greatest, says the London Telegraph.

While Cortez was carrying the flag of Spain into the then unknown world and while the great galleons were bringing home to that favored nation treasures beyond the wildest hopes of the adventurers the myriad forges were alight in Catalonia and the armor of Castile was enabling a handful of men to seize the riches protected by many thousands of natives who had reached a high state of civilization, but knew not the methods of manufacture of iron.

And so it ever was, and, much as we may in theory and in sentiment regret the fact, so it is today. We hear a great deal about the reasons for the rise of modern Germany as a world power. It is worth noting that that country has risen rapidly into prominence as the iron and steel output has increased by leaps and bounds.

In the olden days it was the same. The Romans carried into Spain the knowledge of working iron and steel, and upon that foundation Spain rose to the might and majesty of a great world power.

Not Extraordinary.

On a Broadway surface car two well dressed women were highly amused at a woman with a baby. As the conductor came along the woman with the child said:

"Hold the baby a minute; I want to tie my shoestring."

He took the youngster and the woman tied the string. Then the conductor gave the baby back to her. As he passed the two well dressed women one of them said:

"You have all sorts of queer passengers on your car, don't you?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Imagine that woman asking you to hold her baby! Wasn't that a crazy thing for her to do?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the conductor quietly. "That's my baby. The woman's my wife."—New York Telegraph.

Philosophy of the Loafer.

In the Blue Blanket, an Edinburgh civic paper, Dr. Mackenzie describes, somewhat unkindly, the Glasgow loafer under the title "Civic Ideals." "Why should I save?" asked the loafer. "I make enough to keep me going. I make enough to feed me. I have enough over to let me drink up to 10 o'clock. Why should I save? If I grow sick you must take me to the hospital. If I spend all my money and have nothing to eat you must take me to the poorhouse. If I get drunk on the streets you must take me to the police office and the prison. You've got to do it. What is the good of saving?"

Hoping For the Best.

"I expect to be able in about five years to retire and live on the interest of my investments."

"That's fine. But I didn't know you were making investments. What are they?"

"I haven't made any so far, but I have three very beautiful daughters growing up."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Disappointed.

"You say he was disappointed in love?"

"He certainly was."

"But I thought he married the girl he loved."

"So he did. And then he found that two cannot live as cheaply as one."—Houston Post.

Easy Promise.

He (after being rejected)—Goodby, but promise to be a sister to me. She—I will. I accepted your brother last night.—Variety Life.

There is one body that knows more than anybody, and that is everybody.—Talleyrand.

SIXTY BELOW

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was cold up there in the Klondike region. Ben Fleming thought he had experienced bitter cold in northern New England, but it had never been 60 degrees below the zero mark, as it was here. He only set his teeth the firmer, bought heavier clothing and delved hopelessly for gold.

Fleming had a part ownership in a small claim in the new strike near Dawson. It was sheer luck his being let into it, for he had reached the Yukon almost penniless. He had happened to save the life of a well equipped prospector going north, and the man—Ellison—had rewarded him with a tiny share in the new mine. If it had not been for his meeting Ellison and this stroke of good luck Ben might have starved to death in the cold unfriendly north country.

"What you going to call it?" asked Ben as he trudged home with Ellison the day they had struck the yellow metal in the new mine.

"I guess 'Sixty Below' will about hit it," laughed Ellison as he unlocked the door of their rough cabin.

"It deserves a better name than that," argued Ben as he raked down the fire.

"Don't feel as though you could spend gold that felt as cold as that sounds?"

"I don't want it to spend," said Ben hastily, a red flush staining his brown cheek.

"Miser!" jeered Ellison in high spirits, as in the growing warmth of the one room cabin he removed his warm furs and emerged a tall, stoutly built figure with bearded cheeks, and bright blue eyes.

"Money is worth the greatest good it will bring," muttered Ben Fleming moodily.

"And for the young chap like you, Ben, it can bring nothing less than a dandy good time," assured his partner.

Ben Fleming did not reply. He busied himself preparing the evening meal, much of it concocted from the

"NEVER MIND ME," ASSURED ELLISON, "I KNOW WHAT GIRLS ARE."

contents of various tinned provisions, but when it was ready it smelled good and tasted better. Ellison smacked his lips and drew up to the rough board table.

"Some girl has missed a good husband who can cook," he laughed as he helped himself to potatoes fried brown and crisp.

Ben was pouring coffee. "Some girl has no use for me," he said drily.

For an instant Ellison's brows drew together, and then he scanned Ben's face intently.

"Some girl back in Connecticut, or did you say it was Massachusetts?" he asked, with assumed carelessness.

"I didn't say," retorted Ben.

"Oh!" Ellison smiled in his beard.

"I don't want to be grouchy," apologized Ben hastily, for Ellison was a good fellow and, although considerably older than himself, had proved himself companionable and a thoroughly fast friend to the young stranger.

"Never mind me," assured Ellison. "I know what girls are. Why, it was a girl sent me to the arctic circle twenty years ago, and it was a girl sent me this time. Why, I had given up prospecting for good and was taking my case back there in—er—the state where I came from when I got my walking papers for the Yukon, and so I came. With my customary good luck I struck pay dirt again."

"The same girl didn't send you twice?" asked Ben, curious in his turn.

"Lord, no! The first girl—that was twenty years ago, and I was a young chap like you then—sent me up here to make my fortune; said she'd marry me when I'd made it. Well, I did make it, but when I got back home I'll be blanked, Ben, if she hadn't gone and married another fellow, a measly little clerk in a shoe store without a penny to his name, after sending me up here to have my hide frozen stiff. That girl had some nerve."

"I should say so," breathed Ben hastily. He was looking rather wildly at his companion. "Do you suppose any girl would do that? You needn't answer that question. I know she wouldn't," he added fervently.

"There are girls and girls," observed Ellison, apparently quite oblivious to Ben's agitation. "Now, this second girl who sent me is a different sort, but she's got a nerve too!"

"How?"

"Instead of wanting me to stay home and keep out of danger she sends me off up here on a wild goose chase."

Ellison sank into silence while he smoked his pipe, and Ben, as the junior member of the firm, washed up the dishes and then drew up a chair on the other side of the table and lighted his own pipe. There were some months or so old newspapers on the table, but they were new to these men, and they read them eagerly.

Ben finished his first and sank into abstracted silence. Suddenly he looked up to meet Ellison's kind eyes bent upon him.

"Feeling low, Fleming?" asked the other man. "I don't want to butt in, you know, only if it will relieve your mind to tell it to any one why fire away. It will go no further."

"I know that. Yes, there is something, and it's a girl too," confessed Ben.

"Confounded trouble makers—God bless 'em!" commented Ellison.

"I—I don't suppose I've had your experience, I've only seen one girl I ever—cared much about."

"That's enough."

"There's certainly variety enough in it," smiled Ben. "You see, I didn't have anything and her folks are pretty well to do, and when her father asked me how I was going to support her in the manner he had always done, why, I just threw up my hands and said I couldn't do that, of course—not just now—but she was willing to wait for me." Ben paused.

"Well?" urged Ellison after awhile.

"Oh, you see her father laughed and said money wasn't made so rapidly as all that. He said he supposed we wanted to be married while we were young. I said yes—in a year or so—and he laughed again and said it would take some time for a clerk in the railroad office to work himself up to be division superintendent or something like that. The second time he laughed and made me mad. I told him I'd come back in a year with money enough to marry her, and I said I was so sure of her love and loyalty that I wouldn't even see her before I went away. I knew she'd wait for me.

"I didn't count on falling sick, in Seattle and breaking so into my money. That's how you found me down and out."

"Huh, if you hadn't saved my life down there on the river where would I have been, eh? If there's a balance of gratitude it's on the other side of the ledger. What does the girl say now?"

"I haven't heard a word from her," said Ben dejectedly. "I suppose I ought not to have gone off without seeing her. I couldn't say goodby, and, besides, I suppose I was ripping mad at the old man."

"It wasn't being quite square with her," admitted Ellison soberly. "You see, if you'd consulted her perhaps she would have preferred to marry you poor as you were. You ought to have given her the chance anyway."

"I realize it. I know it. And the thought strikes a chill to my heart that's way below your 60 degrees. I've written twice, and I've never had a word in reply."

There was an instant's silence. Then Ellison spoke across the table, and Ben looked up quickly to see the bright blue eyes fixed intently upon him under the glow of the lamp.

"Perhaps she's moved away, and didn't get your letter," he suggested crisply.

"Why, hardly that. You see, her home was in Cleveland, and she would not be likely to"—

"Perhaps her father died and she was adopted by an uncle who lived in California. Perhaps she is there." The older man spoke forcefully, convincingly.

"Why, it might be. She did have an uncle in California. It's queer you should have hit upon that, Ellison." Ben looked at his partner with a puzzled expression.

"Not so queer, young man. The curious part of it is that I didn't suspect you before." Ellison's tone was sharp.

"Suspect! What do you mean?" Ben paled and arose, leaning across the table to stare into Ellison's face.

"I told you a girl sent me up here to the Yukon country. It was my niece. Her father has recently died, and as her mother, who was my only sister, is dead, I have adopted her. She makes her home with me in southern California. Grace Ellison Gary is my niece!"

"Grace Ellison Gary is your niece?" Ben chattered the words incredulously. "She sent you up here?"

"After you—what the deuce is your name? She said Benjamin Carwood. You pose as Ben Fleming."

"Benjamin Fleming Carwood," said Ben dizzily. "What—why did she send you after me?"

"Because she wants you to come back, you young idiot!"

"And you knew she wanted me all these months we have been together, and because of this wall of reserve between us—why, I've been so down and out sometimes I've felt like throwing myself down the shaft. I wonder if there will come a chance for me to go home soon?" Ben looked wistfully at his companion.

"I guess there will. I've had an offer for the mine as she stands now, and we better take it and divide. Then we can go home next month. In the meantime, as your heart is down at 60 degrees below zero, I'll just deliver this letter Grace sent up to you if I should find you, and I trust the contents will thaw you out." And Ellison smiled as he delivered the precious missive into Ben's eager hands.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mrs. F. D. Gallup was a Bradford visitor yesterday.

George Morrison left Saturday for Ann Arbor, Michigan.

Mrs. M. C. Bain is visiting relatives and friends in Bradford.

Dr. and Mrs. Burg Chadwick are Buffalo visitors this week.

Miss Ellen Liljendahl returned home Monday evening from Buffalo

Mrs. Mollie Pierce and Miss Backus were in Olean Monday on business.

Mrs. V. B. Bouton and Mrs. Maude Hussey were in Bradford yesterday.

Miss Mary Selover, of Auburn N. Y. is the guest of Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin.

V. M. Digel, of Bradford was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Mrs. Orlo Hamlin and daughter, Mirthel, were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Miss Vinnie Campbell was the guest of her parents in Eldred, Saturday.

Miss Elsie Sherer and Miss Bessie Engstrom were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Mrs. C. E. Milroy was the guest of Bradford friends from Saturday until Monday.

Walter Brenneman, Edwin Bouton and Ed. Whitelaw were Bradford visitors Friday.

Mrs. F. L. Holmes and Miss Inza Sherburne were shopping in Bradford Wednesday.

Miss Amanda Anderson was the guest of Port Allegany friends last Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. George Hyde left to-day for Philadelphia where she expects to undergo a surgical operation.

Mrs. Frank Sartwell and daughter, Margaret, were the guests of Mt. Jewett friends a few days last week.

Mrs. J. W. Lee and Mrs. J. S. Walter were the guests of Mrs. S. D. Weaver in Bradford a few days last week.

Miss Elsie Marks, of Marvindale, was a guest at the home of Mrs. E. M. Sherer a few days this week.

Miss Grace Ervin and Miss Florence Gridley, of Mt. Jewett, were in attendance at the institute last week.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Workley have returned from a visit to Hartford, Conn., Philadelphia and New York City.

A. R. Braden, of Clarington, Pa., returned to his home Monday after a short visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Cunningham.

Mrs. Isaac Major, of Norwich, Pa., and Mrs. Flora Crandall, of Shinglehouse, Pa., are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Chisholm

Mrs. T. H. Purtle left Tuesday morning for Rochester, N. Y., where she will visit her daughter, Miss Marie, who is a student at Mechanics Institute.

Mrs. Frank Sherburne and daughter, Miss Inza, left to-day for Rochester, N. Y., to visit Miss Myra Sherburne, who is a student at Mechanics Institute.

The Rev. Elmer S. Beacom, pastor of the M. E. Church arrived here Friday evening with his wife and infant son, both of whom suffered no serious effects from the trip.

SANATORIUMS UNITED

Bon Air and Grandview Tuberculosis Institutions Are Combined

At a meeting of the Northwestern Anti-Tuberculosis League held at the office of J. P. Melvin, Esq., yesterday afternoon, much was accomplished. Vice President R. P. Habgood presided and Mrs. Anna Hanely Bird was secretary.

The report of Mrs. Kate I. Berry treasurer and M. F. Melvin, manager were read and approved and ordered placed on file.

Mr. Melvin gave an outline of the plan to consolidate Bon Air Sanatorium with Grandview Sanatorium of Oil City and set forth the advantages of such a combine. Mr. Melvin reported that he had talked with a number of citizens of prominence in Bradford and Oil City and all were inclined to favor the proposition.

Following the remarks of Mr. Melvin a motion prevailed that Bon Air at Bells Camp and Grandview Sanatorium be consolidated in accordance with a resolution adopted at a previous meeting of the board of directors of the two institutions. The board of directors will have full control of business of the league.

The new board of directors will include the following named well-known gentlemen: Messrs. W. W. Bell and E. C. Emery, Bradford; Hon. Josiah Howard, Emporium, Pa.; Hon. Harry Hyde and Hon. Harry Alvan Hall Ridgway; W. H. Davis, Kane; Hon. W. H. Rice and E. D. Wetmore, Warren; Hon. N. P. Wheeler, Endeavor, S. Y. Ramage, and W. T. Borland, Oil City; O. D. Blakely and Hon. J. C. Sibley, Franklin; John H. Schelle, Titusville and M. F. Melvin, Bradford.

There was a general discussion on the excellent work being done at the Bon Air Sanatorium. Among the guests present at the meeting were Mrs. E. G. Klepe and Mrs. C. H. Huntley, of Buffalo. The former told of the very satisfactory work being done at Bells Camp and referred to the great help that many Buffalo patients had received at Bon Air. She said that she could see great improvement at the health resort at Bells Camp on each visit.

The consolidation of Grandview and Bon Air will increase the present capacity of about 50 beds, the capacity of Bon Air to nearly 100 beds.

The meeting was one of the most successful held in years. There was enthusiasm over the increased facilities for the fighting of that dread disease, tuberculosis.

Mr. Melvin, manager of the Bon Air Sanatorium, has caused to be published in pamphlet form the second annual report of that institution. The document contains much interesting information relating to the work of the sanatorium, its receipts, disbursements, etc.

AUTOISTS SHOULD ORGANIZE

Much Good Can Be Accomplished by Forming Clubs

Harrisburg, Pa., November 6.—The Pennsylvania Motor Federation has issued a statement urging upon owners and users of motor vehicles the advantages of getting together and forming local clubs which in turn will be affiliated with the State organization.

Attention is called to the fact that only by such organization can individual motorists hope to be protected from freak legislation. In the last Legislature four or five bills were introduced for the purpose of placing heavy burdens and vexatious regulations upon motorists, and it was only through the vigorous efforts of the Federation that these measures were defeated.

It is pointed out that the present State highway law is the direct result of the labors of the Pennsylvania Motor Federation. There is no other State good roads association in Pennsylvania, and so far as organized effort is necessary it devolves wholly upon the Federation.

As another session of the Legislature is to open in January, and as various important problems relating to good roads and the regulation of motor vehicles are bound to come up, the officers of the Federation are impressed with the great need for a larger alignment of motorists with the State body. Proper support can only be given where the motor car owners of every city and town units to form local clubs affiliated with the federation.

It is urged that these local clubs should be above everything else good roads associations, to work not only for State roads but for the better construction and care of the local roads, seeing that the township supervisors do their duty.

Organized effort on the part of the friends of good roads is especially important now, because the coming Legislature is to pass on the proposed amendment to the State constitution to permit $50,000,000 bond issue for road building, and the proposal is to be submitted to the people at the polls next year for their final approval. A State organization of motor vehicle owners is the logical body to lead the fight for this great improvement, and the Pennsylvania Motor Federation is the only body of this kind through which the individual advocate of good roads has an opportunity to make his influence felt.

FARMERS VALLEY

On Oct. 21, 1912, in Buffalo, Mabel H., beloved wife of E. J. and mother of Dorothy M. Swain died at her home on No. 167 Arkansas St. She was well-known in this place when young as the only niece of D. W. Derby.

Mrs. A. L. Herzog left Monday on a visit with friends in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. D. W. Derby had for guests, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mills, of West Virginia, Mrs. H. L. George, of Louisiana and Mrs F. Humminger, of Eldred, the fore part of the week.

Mrs. D. W. Derby has returned home after a three week's visit with relatives in Birmingtion, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Herzog entertained a number of young people at their home Sunday afternoon and evening. These were Robert Donley, Marie Steinhour, Henry Herzog, Jessie McAlean, Sam Stull and John Metcalf.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Nov. 9, 1912

Anderson, Ed.
Anderson, Aug.
Bennett, J. S.
Cornelius, Wm. R.
Cornelius, Spencer.
Henderson, C. P.
Irwins, Ed.
Joy, A. P.
Morris, C.
Milliron, Miss Bernice.
Morris, J. C.
Napolitano, Beneditto.
Nelson, John A.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

AN UNFETTERED GAS WELL NEAR KANE "CAPTURED."

(Continued from Page 1.)

was struck in the territory that had been drilled over several years before, and defied all known rules governing the location of gas wells. Of course, not many rules are known, for natural gas is in the earth somewhere and the only way to find it is to spend money drilling for it.

I must add, too, that if you strike it—get a well like this one—you can pay the grocer and buy a motor car. If you don't strike it—well, at least you know where it isn't, but it is quite expensive finding out where it isn't.

As to the tenderfoot's question, the wise ones explained to him that a few thousands years back old mother earth turned herself inside out a few times before settling down to business and that during the shuffle this gas got crowded into a space too small for it where it was forgotten. Others, they were not scientists, said the devil's domain had been punctured and that said domain—usually designated by a shorter word—had "broke loose."

But who cares what caused it. It was a remarkable sight and a source of revenue for the local liverymen in its uncontrolled state, but in this commercial age here is the point. Get this.

As near as could be estimated or rather guessed at, as it was impossible to make an accurate estimate this well was blowing to waste around about 100,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day. At seven cents per thousand cubic feet this volume represented $7,000 each 24 hours. If these figures stagger you divide by two and still the sum left is more than the total cost of drilling the well And remember, for more than two months it blew away this wealth.

With these facts in mind and with your instinctive knowledge of the fact that love of conquest is inherent in every man, you may gain a conception of how many ideas, suggestions, theriores, plans, inventions, contraptions and devices were brought to light designed to capture all this wealth.

Never before in two months' time was a market so completely glutted with fortune, saviors. The woods were full of brain children. Devices that along with the inventor would have been blown to kingdom come were eagerly offered as a solution. Models of mechanical perfection as well as woeful betrayers of the inventors' lack of practical knowledge were almost forced on the owners for a trial.

So eager were some of these theorists that I believe they would have secretly experimented themselves if the well had not been guarded by practical men. These warped all budding genius to keep away a safe distance and to be careful about matches. One inventor with a praiseworthy confidence in his ability tried to get a patent on his idea before even reducing it to concrete form. But some of the devices offered were really meritorious.

Must Build a Derrick.

The chief difficulty, however, lay in the fact that a derrick had to be erected over the well first, and this was impossible unless the pressure could be diverted to the side. If so diverted it was feared the casing would break or split and thereby transform the well into a veritable volcano.

Experts conceded that the volume could be diverted to the side and even conducted into a pipe line if the casing would hold But would it? Now the function of casing in a well is to shut out the water, keep the hole straight and prevent loose walls from caving in. It is just iron pipe usually six and one half inches in diameter and is driven into the well to varying depths but always below the water line. While it will withstand a heavy pressure, it is not intended and it would not be entrusted with the frost depositing variety.

Much speculation therefore centered on the probable behavior of the casing if subjected to the extra pressure necessitated by a lateral diversion of the gas. Here again the market was glutted. A hosiery drummer out of Baltimore said it would split. A manager of a theatrical playing small towns said it would hold. A medical book agent said it would split. A clothing clerk said nothing but shook his head ruefully. A dentist, a minister, a glass blower, a truck gardener, a lawyer, a floor walker, a scenario writer and a detective divided equally on the question. It was evident that those in charge had little to guide them.

The Way to Make a Test.

Everyone knows how to distinguish a toad stool from a mushroom. You eat either one and watch for results. So the only way to know what the casing would do was to try it. If it withstood the extra pressure, the problem was solved and a fortune subdued. If it didn't—well there are men who will take a chance and risk life on the turn of a coin. Such a one was here.

Now please prepare for a jolt. Can't you see that this well should have been owned by a millionaire, who offered the lily-white hand of his "be-yootiful" daughter, to the dashing young man with the tight curling hair who subdued the monster and copped a fortune? Some story that. Photoplay writers, please note. No, fortunately, it was nothing like that or some one would have been hurt.

The man willing to take a chance was just a plain type of the genus homo. Medium in size and age, dressed in old clothes, besmirched with oil, a familiar figure in the oil country. He was a field man in the employ of an unsentimental, subsidary company of the great Standard, and was sent by his company to shut in this well. He knew natural gas like a book, and with a fur cap pulled down over his ears and a gang of men at his heels, he approached this task of harnessing a fortune calmly, deliberately and efficiently.

The Way It Was Muzzled.

Oftentimes the most effective, mechanical contrivances are the simplest in this case. Here was the device he used though I won't attempt to describe it in detail. Two large pipes were screwed together in the shape of a huge T, the horizontal one being about thirty feet long, the vertical one being perhaps eight feet high and both ten inches in diameter and a quarter of an inch thick. Near the top of the vertical pipe was a throttle. A half grown tree was cut down to be used as a lever. That was all there was to it.

The theory involved was to chuck the vertical pipe down over the top of the casing by means of the lever and allow the gas to escape upwards through the open throttle at the top of the vertical pipe. The outward end of the horizontal pipe could then be connected with a regular gas main when the throttle was to be closed and the gas formed into the horizontal pipe where it could travel until its pressure was reduced by friction.

Sounds easy, don't it? Yes, but will this demon, after roaring defiance for two months now permit itself to be caught in such a trap? Many veteran gas men said it positively would not. All conceded that closing the throttle would be the ticklish part for this meant adding a terrific pressure on the casing. Could the casing stand it?

The Man With The Nerve.

Kindly make way for the man with the nerve. Sitting himself with his men on the end of the tree used for a lever, he carefully but surely works the bottom end of the vertical pipe with frost, rips and tugs at the lever fastenings, tears through the open throttle but does no harm.

Now comes the test.

Mounting the derrick floor, and with one hand on the throttle wheel, he motions his men and crowd to a place of safety with the other. Can you see him there, a real hero on a real stage in real life? Though the October sun is shining warm he is rapidly being covered with frost. The cold is intense and the air is rarified. The throttle wheel trembles, the planks of his stage vibrate, and the roar is terrific. No one knows better than he what will happen if the casing splits. Once caught in that awful current, death is a matter of seconds.

Slowly he turns the throttle wheel but watches sharply for evidence of the increasing pressure. Another turn almost around and he stops. He sees a plank spike start and the derrick timber move. He waits and watches. Then another turn and another. The gas shrieks piercingly as its volume is reduced while below it is rushing down the outside of the casing to escape. He carefully examines the casing and the earth around it to see if it is loosening.

The Monster Hissed.

Another turn and gas hisses all around him, flaring out his clothes and making it nearly impossible to breathe. The connections are leaking, but the horizontal pipe turns white showing that at least some of the gas is roaring through it.

Frost covers everything and is an inch thick on the pipe above the throttle. He never falters, but his eyes are riveted to everything around him for verily every little movement has a meaning all its own.

Some of the floor planks are loose at either end and pounding silently on the vibrating timbers, while the earth trembles. How much longer will the casing withstand this kind of thing increasing at every turn?

He does not know, but he is willing to stake his life on his knowledge of what it will stand against a flaw in the iron. Is this bravery or not? Slowly, cautiously and ever alert he gives the wheel turn after turn.

The hissing increases, the throttle is swaying, the planks are loosening, the vibration menacing, but the casing holds. Another careful inspection all around and one more turn that closes the throttle.

The trick is turned. Man is supreme, the demon is conquered, a fortune captured and a hero discovered, all in less than an hour. Stepping down from his tottering stage he shakes the frost from his clothes, warms himself in the sun and goes about his work.

MISSING GAME WARDEN

No Trace Has Yet Been Found of William A. Robinson

Yesterday's Era says:

Nothing has been discovered as yet that would lead to a solution of the mystery surrounding the disappearance of William A. Robinson, the Silver Creek game warden who has been missing from his home since October 28. The mother and friends of the young man are grief-stricken. The creeks in the vicinity of Silver Creek have been dragged and the marshes searched, with no result whatever, besides the finding of the covers of a game book thought to have belonged to the warden. It is the general belief that the man got the worst of it in trying to capture some game law violators.

Silver Creek people are talking strongly of organizing a committee to urge the sheriff of Chautauqua county to greater activity. Plans are under way to raise a fund to be used in the search. John B. Webster, president of the village, said last night that a reward might be offered for information that would lead to the finding of the man, dead or alive.

The latest clue in the matter is said to have been found yesterday when officers discovered that the warden, who had been to Buffalo, on the night before his disappearance, came home and put on his hunting coat and went out again, but did not change his clothes. It was claimed that he had his "best" clothes on, and it was questioned whether he would go after game violators so arrayed.

Beauty of the Zebra.

The zebra is perhaps of all quadrupeds the best made and most beautifully clad by the hand of nature. To the figure and graces of the horse it adds the elegance of the stag, and the black and white bands with which its body is ornamented are arranged with such wonderful symmetry that we might almost be disposed to imagine that rule and compass had been employed in their formation These alternate bands are narrow, parallel and exactly separated. They extend not only over the body, but the head, thigh and legs and even over the ears and tail. They follow so exactly the contour of the different forms that they exhibit the entire figure in the most advantageous point of view. In the female these bands are alternately black and white. In the male they are black and yellow, but always of a lively and brilliant tint. They also rest upon a ground of short, fine and copious hairs, whose lustre considerably augments the general beauty of the colors.—Exchange.

Our Wonderful Eyes.

Is there anything so wonderful as the eye? No matter how cold the weather may be, the eye never fails. In the wildest of blizzards, when the thermometer registers many degrees below zero, when the feet and fingers freeze, when the throat freezes, when even the torso, swathed in sweaters and chamois skin vestings, freezes; when the nose and ears are frost bitten, when the hair even crackles in the blast—when all is lost apparently, the eyes suffer no pain, but continue to perform their normal functions. The people of the most inclement, most frigid regions of the extreme north bundle up everything but their eyes. The eyes are never frostbitten. They seem to suffer only in a strong wind which carries in its current some irritating substance. And yet, notwithstanding this, the eyes are the most sensitive of our several organs.

Banking the Fire.

Banking the fire is a very simple process. It is easier to bank a fire than to bank anything else we know of. We have not been able to bank anything excepting a fire for several years. Place the ashes in the door after and thus sprinkle them carefully over the coals—three teacupfuls for a small furnace, the kind that goes out every five minutes, and five teacupfuls for one of the battleship variety. Close all of the drafts or leave all of them open, as you choose, turn out the gas in the basement, lock the kitchen door, take your dose of family tea, wind the clock, put out the cat and go to bed. If these directions are followed faithfully you will in the morning find one of two conditions—the fire will be going or it will be out.—Boston Globe.

Beauty Never Dies.

Nothing of beauty dies without having purified something, nor can aught of beauty be lost. Let us not be afraid of sowing it along the road. It may remain there for weeks or years, but like the diamond it cannot dissolve, and finally there will pass some one whom its glitter will attract. He will pick it up and go his way rejoicing. Then why keep back a lofty, beautiful word, for that you doubt others will understand? An instant of higher good. ness was impending over you. Why hinder its coming even though you believe not that those about you will profit thereby? What if you are among the men of the valley, is that sufficient reason for checking the instinctive movement of your soul toward the mountain peaks?—Maurice Maeterlinck

The thousand times that you wo
Won't gain you any song.
But they'll remember day and n
The one time you were wrong
—Cincinnati Er.

"I call a spade a spade."
"You will enlarge your voc
after using one for an hour in
garden."—Washington Herald.

"What's new in the news?"
ble scandal at Oldport. It has
out that Mrs Wallaby Wom
society leader, exacts a percer
her servants' tips."—Louisville
Journal.

Artie chokes on artichokes
And writhes about in pain,
But auntie dotes on antidote
And soon he's well again.
—New Yor

Music of Street Boys.

One point regarding street
puzzles this writer. How does
erage small boy manage to ad
repertoire the latest song from
est musical comedy within a
two of its production at a w
theater? It is hardly likely tha
tends the theater to hear it
hand. One can hardly imagi
buying the score to learn it th
And as for those important fa
musical education, the gramo
the park bands and the barrel
he generally forestalls them by
Whence, then, does he gain his
edge? It is as mysterious as t
sage of news to the Indian bas
fore the official telegrams have p
—London Spectator.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Elsie M. Patch
vs.
Charles W. Roberts
No. 165, October Term, 1911
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE
monwealth of Pennsylvania to the
of said County, greeting:
Whereas, Elsie M. Patch did on
day of August, 1911, prefer her peti
our said Judges of the said Court o
mon Pleas of said County, praying
causes therein set forth, she might
vorced from the bonds of matrimo
ered into with you, Charles F. Pat
We therefore command you, th
Charles F. Patch, that setting as
other business and excuses what
you be and appear in your proper
before our Judges at Smethport,
Court of Common Pleas there to b
for the County of McKean on the
Monday of December, next, to answ
petition or libel of Elsie M. Patch
show cause, if any you have, wh
said Elsie M. Patch, your wife, shou
be divorced from the bonds of matr
agreeably to the Acts of Assembly i
cases made and provided. Herein fa
A true copy.
M. C. BAIN, She
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Atty.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

Esther M. McCune
vs.
Joseph McCune
No. 12, December Term, 1910.
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE
monwealth of Pennsylvania to the S
of said County, greeting:
Whereas, Esther M. McCune did o
1st day of April, 1912, prefer her
tion to our said Judges of the said
of Common Pleas of said County, pr
for the causes therein set forth, she
be divorced from the bonds of matri
entered into with you, Joseph McCu
We therefore command you, the
Joseph McCune, that setting asid
other business and excuses whats
you be and appear in your proper p
before our Judges at Smethport,
Court of Common Pleas there to be
for the County of McKean on the s
Monday of December, next, to answe
petition or libel of Esther M. McCune,
show cause, if any you have, why
said Esther M. McCune, your wife, sh
not be divorced from the bonds of m
mony, agreeably to the Acts of Asse
in such cases made and provided. He
fail not.
A true copy.
M. C. Bain, Sheri
R. B. Stone, Libellant's Atty
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

May Sandeen
vs.
Alva Sandeen
No. 55 June Term, 1912
McKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE CO
monwealth of Pennsylvania to the She
of said County, greeting:
Whereas, May Sandeen, did on the
day of October, 1912, prefer her petiti
to our said Judges of the said Court
Common Pleas of said County, praying
for the causes therein set forth, she mig
be divorced from the bonds of matrimo
entered into with you, Alva Sandeen.
We therefore command you, the sa
Alva Sandeen, that setting aside all oth
business and excuses whatsoever, you
and appear in your proper person befo
our Judges at Smethport, at a Court
Common Pleas there to be held for th
County of McKean on the second Mo
day of December, next, to answer the p
tition or libel of May Sandeen, and sho
cause, if any you have, why the said Ma
Sandeen, your wife, should not be divor
ed from the bonds of matrimony, agreeab
ly to the Acts of Assembly in such cas
made and provided. Herein fail not.
A true copy.
M. C. Bain, Sheriff.
Brown & Shoonmaker, Libellant's Atty
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 14, 1912.

NOTICE

The following accounts of executors, ad
ministrators and guardians, having bee
settled in the office of the Register o
Wills, the same will be presented for con
firmation at the Orphans' Court to be hel
at Smethport, in and for the County o
McKean, in the State of Pennsylvania, o
the second Monday of December, A. D.
1912:

Sixth and partial account of John Weiss
Executor of the last Will and Testamen
of Seth Gurganious, deceased.

First an dfinal account of Bess E. Brow
Executrix of the last Will and Testamen
of Flora E. Brown, deceased.

First and final account of Francis M
Nash, Administrator of the estate of Gui
seppe Onori, deceased.

First final and distribution account o
James George, guardian of Morris A
Milligan, late a minor child of Lydia A
Milligan, deceased.

First and final account of William J
Healy, Executor of the last Will and Tes
tament of John H. Healy, deceased.

First, final and distribution account o
A. A. Tyler, Executor of the last Will and
Testament of R. J. LePage, deceased.

First, final and distribution account o
A. A. Tyler, guardian of Weston Le Page
late a minor child of R. J. LePage, de
ceased.

First and Partial account of Ida Pierot
ti, Administratrix of the Estate of G
Pierotti, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gor
ton, Administrator of the Estate of Pete
McNally, deceased.

First and final account of Sheridan Gor
ton, Administrator of the Estate of Eliza
beth R. Moses otherwise known as R. E
Moses, deceased.

First and final account of John T
Dolphin, Administrator C. T. A. of the
Estate of Edward A. Collins, deceased.

First and final account of Harriet Low
rie, Administratrix of the Estate of Frank
H. Lowrie, Administratrix of the Estate
of Frank H. Lowrie, deceased, who was
guardian of Kathleen B. Branning, minor
child of Clarence E. Branning, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., November 5, 1912.